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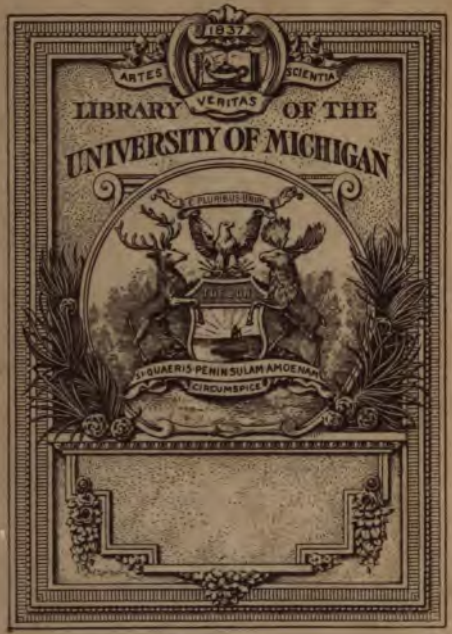
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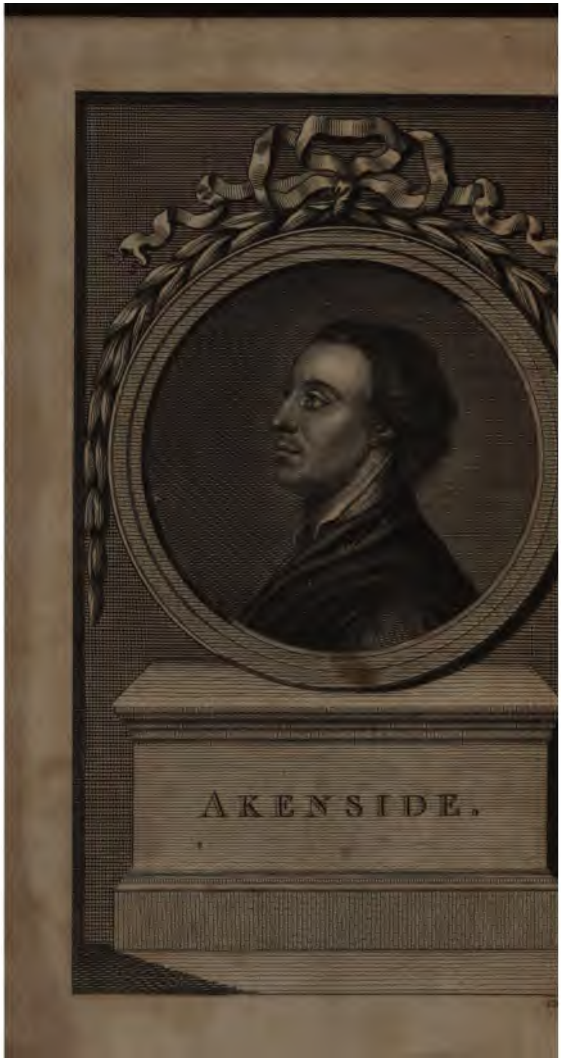
AKENSIDE.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

AKENSIDE.

A71808

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION, 1772.

THIS Volume contains a complete Collection of the Poems of the late Dr. Akenſide, either reprinted from the original Editions, or faithfully publiſhed from Copies which had been prepared by himſelf for publication.

That the principal Poem ſhould appear in ſo diſadvantageous a ſtate, may require ſome explanation. The firſt publication of it was at a very early part of the Author's life. That it wanted Reviſion and Correction, he was ſufficiently ſenſible; but ſo quick was the demand for ſeveral ſucceſſive republications, that in any of the intervals to have completed the whole of his Corrections was utterly impoſſible; and yet to have gone on from time to time making farther Improvements in every new Edition would (he thought) have had the appearance at leaſt of abuſing the favor of the Public. He choſe therefore to continue for ſome time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publiſhing any Corrections or Improvements until he ſhould be able at once to give them to the Public complete.

And with this view he went on for ſeveral years to review and correct the Poem at his leiſure; till at length he found the taſk grow ſo much upon his hands, that, deſpairing of ever being able to execute it ſufficiently to his own ſatisfaction, he abandoned the purpoſe of correcting, and reſolved to write the Poem over anew upon a ſomewhat different and an enlarged Plan. And in the execution of this Deſign he had made a conſiderable Progreſs. What reaſon there may be to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will beſt appear from the peruſal of the Plan itſelf, as ſtated in the General Argument, and of the parts which he had executed, and which are here publiſhed. For the perſon *, to whom he intruſted the Diſpoſal of his Papers, would have thought himſelf wanting, as well to the Service of the Public as to the Fame of his Friend, if he had not produced as much of the Work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he conſidered the intire firſt and ſecond Books, of which a few Copies had been printed for the uſe only of the Author and certain Friends: alſo a very conſiderable part of the third Book, which had been tranſcribed in order to it being printed in the ſame manner: and to theſe is added the Introduction to a ſubſequent Book, which in the Manuſcript is called the Fourth, and which appears to have been compoſed at the time when the Author intended

[* The Right Hon. JEREMIAH DYSON; by whom this advertiſement was written.]

tended to comprize the whole in Four Books; but which, as he had afterwards determined to diſtribute the Poem into more Books, might perhaps more properly be called the Laſt Book. And this is all that is executed of the new work, which, although it appeared to the Editor too valuable, even in its imperfect State, to be withholden from the Public, yet (he conceives) takes in by much too ſmall a part of the original Poem to ſupply its place, and to ſuperſede the re-publication of it. For which reaſon both the Poems are inſerted in this collection.

Of Odes the Author had deſigned to make up Two Books, conſiſting of twenty Odes each, including the ſeveral Odes which he had before publiſhed at different times.

The Hymn to the Naiads is reprinted from the ſixth Volume of Dodſley's Miſcellanies, with a few Corrections and the addition of ſome Notes. To the Inſcriptions taken from the ſame Volume three new Inſcriptions are added; the laſt of which is the only inſtance wherein liberty has been taken of inſerting any thing in this Collection, which did not appear to have been intended by the Author for publication *; among whoſe papers no Copy of this was found, but it is

 printed

[* In the preſent Edition, a few pieces are added, which are known to be genuine, and which certainly are no diſcredit to their Author. But theſe are all placed at the end of the volume.]

printed from a Copy which he had many years ſince given to the Editor.

The Author of theſe Poems was born at Newcaſtle upon Tyne, on the 9th Day of November 1721. He was educated at the Grammar School at Newcaſtle, and at the Univerſities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at the latter of which he took his Degree of Doctor in Phyſic. He was afterwards admitted by Mandamus to the Degree of Doctor in Phyſic in the Univerſity of Cambridge: elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Phyſicians, and one of the Phyſicians of St. Thomas's Hoſpital: and upon the Eſtabliſhment of the Queen's Houſehold, appointed one of the Phyſicians to Her Majeſty. He died of a putrid Fever, on the 23d Day of June 1770, and is buried in the Pariſh Church of St. James's Weſtminſter.

THE

THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

A

POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Ἀσεβεῖς μέν ἐσιν ἀνθρώπ[redacted]ς παρὰ τῦ θεῦ χάριτας ἀτιμάζειν.

EPICT. apud Arrian. II. 23.

Publiſhed in the Year M DCC XLIV.

THE DESIGN.

THERE are certain powers in human nature which ſeem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily ſenſe and the faculties of moral perception: They have been called by a very general name, *The Powers of Imagination*. Like the external ſenſes, they relate to matter and motion; and, at the ſame time, give the mind ideas analogous to thoſe of moral approbation and diſlike. As they are the inlets of ſome of the moſt exquiſite pleaſures with which we are acquainted, it has naturally happened that men of warm and ſenſible tempers have ſought means to recall the delightful perceptions which they afford, independent of the object which originally produced them. This gave riſe to the imitative or deſigning arts; ſome of which, as painting and ſculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, as muſic and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by ſigns univerſally eſtabliſhed and underſtood.

But theſe arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were of courſe led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers; eſpecially poetry, which, making uſe of language as the inſtrument by which it imitates, it conſequently becomes an unlimited repreſentative of every ſpecies

and mode of being. Yet, as their intention was only to expreſs the objects of imagination, and as they ſtill abound chiefly in ideas of that claſs, they of courſe retain their original character; and all the different pleaſures which they excite, are termed, in general, *Pleaſures of Imagination.*

The deſign of the following poem is to give a view of *theſe* in the largeſt acceptation of the term; *ſo that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, muſic, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of thoſe principles in the conſtitution of the human mind, which are here eſtabliſhed and explained.*

In executing this general plan, it was neceſſary firſt of all to diſtinguiſh the Imagination from our other faculties; and in the next place to characterize thoſe original forms or properties of being, about which it is converſant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the underſtanding. Theſe properties Mr. Addiſon had reduced to the three general claſſes of greatneſs, novelty, and beauty; and into theſe we may analyſe every object, however complex, which, properly ſpeaking, is delightful to the imagination. But ſuch an object may alſo include many other ſources of pleaſure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a ſtronger impreſſion by reaſon of this concurrence. Beſides which, the imitative arts, eſpecially poetry, owe much of their effect to a *ſimilar* exhibition of properties quite *foreign* to the imagi-

imagination, inſomuch that in every line of the moſt applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external ſenſes, or truths diſcovered to the underſtanding, or illuſtrations of contrivance and final cauſes, or, above all the reſt, with circumſtances proper to awaken and engage the paſſions. It was therefore neceſſary to enumerate and exemplify theſe different ſpecies of pleaſure; eſpecially that from the paſſions, which, as it is ſupreme in the nobleſt work of human genius, ſo being in ſome particulars not a little ſurprizing, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After theſe parts of the ſubject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and intereſt the mind, a pleaſure of a very different nature, that which ariſes from ridicule, came next to be conſidered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illuſtration, and to diſtinguiſh the general ſources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of ſtile became neceſſary; ſuch a one as might yet be conſiſtent, if poſſible, with the general taſte of compoſition in the ſerious parts of the ſubject: nor is it an eaſy taſk to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expreſſions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of profeſſed ſatire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illuſtrate ſome particular pleaſures, which ariſe either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itſelf. Of the firſt kind is that various and complicated reſemblance exiſting between ſeveral parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it ſeems in a great meaſure to depend on the early aſſociation of our ideas, and as this habit of aſſociating is the ſource of many pleaſures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great ſhare in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here and its effects deſcribed. Then follows a general account of the production of theſe elegant arts, and of the ſecondary pleaſure, as it is called, ariſing from the reſemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the work concludes with ſome reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral uſefulneſs in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of compoſition which prevails in this piece, little can be ſaid with propriety by the author. He had two models; that ancient and ſimple one of the firſt Grecian poets, as it is refined by Virgil in the Georgics, and the familiar epiſtolary way of Horace. This latter has ſeveral advantages. It admits of a greater variety of ſtile; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of converſation; and, eſpecially with the

aſſiſtance of rhyme, leads to a cloſer and more conciſe expreſſion. Add to this the example of the moſt perfect of modern poets, who has ſo happily applied this manner to the nobleſt parts of philoſophy, that the public taſte is in a great meaſure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the ſubject before us, tending almoſt conſtantly to admiration and enthuſiaſm, ſeemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured ſtile. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not ſo much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the moſt engaging proſpects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means inſenſibly diſpoſe the minds of men to a ſimilar taſte and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is ſo careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of nature in every principle of the human conſtitution here inſiſted on; and alſo to unite the moral excellencies of life in the ſame point of view with the meer external objects of good taſte; thus recommending them in common to our natural propenſity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The ſame views have alſo led him to introduce ſome ſentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the ſubject; but, ſince they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultleſs model of didactic poetry, will beſt ſupport him in this particular. For the ſentiments themſelves, he makes no apology.

THE

THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE ſubject propoſed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the divine mind, the origin of every quality pleaſing to the imagination. The natural variety of conſtitution in the minds of men; with its final cauſe. The idea of a fine imagination, and the ſtate of the mind in the enjoyment of thoſe pleaſures which it affords. All the primary pleaſures of the imagination reſult from the perception of greatneſs, or wonderfulneſs, or beauty in objects. The pleaſure from greatneſs, with its final cauſe. Pleaſure from novelty or wonderfulneſs, with its final cauſe. Pleaſure from beauty, with its final cauſe. The connexion of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the ſtudy of moral philoſophy. The different degrees of beauty in different ſpecies of objects; colour; ſhape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The ſublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty. Concluſion.

WITH

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the conſenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleaſing ſtores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verſe unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of muſical delight! and while I ſing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my ſtrain.
Thou, ſmiling queen of every tuneful breaſt,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy roſy fingers cull
Freſh flowers and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thouſand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will, through countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! deſcend
And join this feſtive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely ſports,
Majeſtic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her ſiſter Liberty will not be far.
Be preſent all ye Genii, who conduct
The wandering footſteps of the youthful bard,
New to your ſprings and ſhades: who touch his ear
With finer ſounds: who heighten to his eye

The

The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayeſt, happieſt attitude of things.
Oft have the laws of each poetic ſtrain
The critic-verſe employ'd; yet ſtill unſung
Lay this prime ſubject, though importing moſt
A Poet's name: for fruitleſs is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obſcure to conquer the ſevere aſcent
Of high Parnaſſus. Nature's kindling breath
Muſt fire the choſen genius; nature's hand
Muſt ſtring his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful ſteep, to ſoar
High as the ſummit; there to breathe at large
Ætherial air; with bards and ſages old,
Immortal ſons of praiſe. Theſe flattering ſcenes,
To this neglected labour court my ſong;
Yet not unconſcious what a doubtful taſk
To paint the fineſt features of the mind,
And to moſt ſubtle and myſterious things
Give colour, ſtrength, and motion. But the love
Of Nature and the Muſes bids explore,
Through ſecret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untaſted ſprings, to drink inſpiring draughts,
And ſhade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound receſs,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
From heaven my ſtrains begin; from heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy

And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams, adorn'd the globe,
Or wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the almighty One: then, deep-retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and ſtreams, the rowling globe,
And wiſdom's mien celeſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves;
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man; with wiſe intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different byaſs, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful *moon, the* circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heaven: to ſome ſhe gave

To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome, to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded through the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; even ſo did nature's hand
To certain ſpecies of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of congenial powers,
Or of ſweet ſound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,

Thrills

Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays: till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. Then the inexpreſſive ſtrain
Diffuſes its inchantment: fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains and Elyſian groves,
And vales of bliſs: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And ſmiles: the paſſions, gently ſooth'd away,
Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, ſerene
As airs that fan the ſummer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom theſe delights can touch,
Whoſe candid boſom the refining love
Of nature warms, O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her lovelieſt features to thy view.
  Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted ſons
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd;
Three ſiſter-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confeſſes; the ſublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I ſee them dawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions, where they riſe,

More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt;
And through the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And through the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfaultering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding ſmile of heaven? Elſe wherefore bu
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Majeſtic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs control of wilful might;
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconſtrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye

Shoc

Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
Nilus or Ganges rowling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with
ſhade
And continents of ſand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heaven-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Through fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heaven;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering round the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
The empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travel'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.

Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the Sovran Maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flowery lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Through all the aſcent of things inlarge her view,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming ſoul? What pity then
Should ſloth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth
Her tender bloſſom; choak the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty wiſdom; nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.
Witneſs the ſprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick ſenſe, and wakes each active powe
To briſker meaſures: witneſs the neglect
Of all familiar proſpects, though beheld
With tranſport once; the fond attentive gaze

Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For ſuch the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breaſt implanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul,
In Truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the penſive ſage,
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with inchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suſpends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhymes,
And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Riſen from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every ſolemn pauſe the croud recoil

Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhivering ſighs: till eager for the event,
Around the Beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.
But lo! diſclos'd in all her ſmiling pomp,
Where beauty onward moving claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire: the freely-flowing verſe
In thy immortal praiſe, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent ſtream. Thee, Beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The moſſy roofs adore: thou, better ſun!
For ever beameſt on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brighteſt progeny of heaven!
How ſhall I trace thy features? where ſelect
The roſeate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haſte then, my ſong, through nature's wide expanſe,
Haſte then, and gather all her comelieſt wealth,
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic iſles,
And range with him the Heſperian field, and ſee
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches ſhoot with gold; where'er his ſtep
Marks the glad ſoil, the tender cluſters grow
With purple ripeneſs, and inveſt each hill
As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou rather ſtoop thy vagrant plume,
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd ſhades,

The

The ſmooth Penéus from his glaſſy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleaſant ſcene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of ſylvan powers,
Of Nymphs and Fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in ſecret on the ſhady brink
With ancient Pan: while round their choral ſteps
Young Hours and genial Gales with conſtant hand
Shower'd bloſſoms, odours, ſhower'd ambroſial dews,
And ſpring's Elyſian bloom. Her flowery ſtore
To thee nor Tempe ſhall refuſe; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Heſperian fruits
From thy free ſpoil. O bear then, unreprov'd,
Thy ſmiling treaſures to the green receſs
Where young Dione ſtays. With ſweeteſt airs
Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footſteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy poliſh'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuſe the mildneſs of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aſide
Thy radiant locks: diſcloſing, as it bends
With airy ſoftneſs from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the roſy lip,
Where winning ſmiles and pleaſures ſweet as love,
With ſanctity and wiſdom, tempering blend
Their ſoft allurement. Then the pleaſing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care
Worthier I'd ſing: then all the enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high

Where beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the bluſhing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when ſhe ſtood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and ſmil'd,
Freſh from the deep, and conſcious of her form,
To ſee the Tritons tune their vocal ſhells,
And each cœrulean ſiſter of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To ſeek the Idalian bower. Ye ſmiling band
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young deſire with rival-ſteps purſue
This charm of beauty; if the pleaſing toil
Can yield a moment's reſpite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and truſt my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of ſuperſtition dreſs'd in Wiſdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or ſhapes infernal rend the groaning earth
To fright you from your joys: my cheerful ſon
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active uſe are ſtrangers? Is her charm
Confeſs'd in aught, whoſe moſt peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitleſs? Or did nature mean
This pleaſing call the herald of a lye;
To hide the ſhame of diſcord and diſeaſe,
And catch with fair hypocriſy the heart

Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conſcious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illuſtrious image, in each kind
Still moſt illuſtrious where the object holds
Its native powers moſt perfect, ſhe by this
Illumes the headſtrong impulſe of deſire,
And ſanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whoſe boſom ſmiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of ſtreams delicious to the thirſty ſoul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to ſenſe,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a ſtate ſincere,
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accompliſh'd. Thus was beauty ſent from heaven,
The lovely miniſtreſs of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O ſons of earth! would ye diſſolve the tye?
O wherefore, with a raſh impetuous aim,
Seek ye thoſe flowery joys with which the hand
Of laviſh fancy paints each flattering ſcene
Where beauty ſeems to dwell, nor once enquire
Where is the ſanction of eternal truth,
Or where the ſeal of undeceitful good,
To ſave your ſearch from folly! Wanting theſe,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy

Did

Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that ſhines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful taſk,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good,
And truth eternal. Though the poiſonous charms
Of baleful ſuperſtition guide the feet
Of ſervile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through deſarts, thorns, and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muſe at laſt, amid the ghoſtly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloiſter'd cells;
To walk with ſpectres through the midnight ſhade,
And to the ſcreaming owl's accurſed ſong
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye diſmay'd. A gentler ſtar
Your lovely ſearch illumines. From the grove
Where wiſdom talk'd with her Athenian ſons,
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay;
Then ſhould my powerful verſe at once diſpell
Thoſe monkiſh horrors: then in light divine
Diſcloſe the Elyſian proſpect, where the ſteps
Of thoſe whom nature charms, through blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic ſtreams,
Amid the train of Sages, Heroes, Bards,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurel'd ſcience, and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal ſhrine,
Where Truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,

With

With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleaſure's languid ſtrain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
O let us not a moment pauſe to join
That god-like band. And if the gracious power
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful ſpirit; then through all our paths,
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the roſy mead,
When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the ſtrong divinity of ſoul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether ſtruck
For ſounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty ſummit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praiſe;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bleſs Heaven's image in the heart of man.
Thus with a faithful aim have we preſum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate nature's form;
Whether in vaſt, majeſtic pomp array'd,
Or dreſt for pleaſing wonder, or ſerene
In beauty's roſy ſmile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd ſcale,
To trace the riſing luſtre of her charms,
From their firſt twilight, ſhining forth at length
To full meridian ſplendour. Of degree

The

The leaſt and lowlieſt, in the effuſive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd ſhape,
Where Truth's eternal meaſures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
Unites this varied ſymmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted ſhells indent their ſpeckled wreath.
Then more attractive riſe the blooming forms
Through which the breath of nature has infus'd
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moiſture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and ſeed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the ſpring reſume;
And ſuch the ſtately tree which autumn bends
With bluſhing treaſures. But more lovely ſtill
Is nature's charm, where to the full conſent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing ſenſe are given,
And active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno; ſo the ſteed
With rival ardour beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There moſt conſpicuous, even in outward ſhape
Where dawns the high expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps conducting our inraptur'd ſearch

To that eternal origin, whoſe power,
Through all the unbounded ſymmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent ſun,
This endleſs mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone, (bear witneſs, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here inthron'd,
Cœleſtial Venus, with divineſt airs,
Invites the ſoul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken through the void immenſe;
And ſpeak, O man! does this capacious ſcene
With half that kindling majeſty dilate
Thy ſtrong conception, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate,
Amid the croud of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook his crimſon ſteel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free! Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
In the bright eye of Heſper or the morn,
In nature's faireſt forms, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip? as the candid bluſh
Of him who ſtrives with fortune to be juſt?
The graceful tear that ſtreams for others woes?

Or

Or the mild majeſty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuſe
Unenvied treaſures, and the ſnowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the ſcene?
Once more ſearch, undiſmay'd, the dark profound
Where nature works in ſecret; view the beds
Of mineral treaſure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with inceſſant change
Their elemental round; behold the ſeeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the maſs with ever-active flame:
Then to the ſecrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That ſaw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in thoſe external ſcenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconſcious matter wears,
Greatneſs of bulk, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, ſoon feeble grows
The ſuperficial impulſe; dull their charms,
And ſatiate ſoon, and pall the languid eye.
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of genius and deſign; the ambitious mind
There ſees herſelf: by theſe congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenſer act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd

Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wiſdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal meaſures; thence to frame
The ſacred laws of action and of will,
Diſcerning juſtice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whoſe dictates bind
Aſſenting reaſon, the benignant fire,
To deck the honour'd paths of juſt and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue, riſing from the awful depth
Of truth's myſterious boſom, doth forſake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dreſs'd by fancy in ten thouſand hues,
Aſſumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms reſponſive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenuous youth, whom ſolitude inſpires
With pureſt wiſhes, from the penſive ſhade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muſe
That wakes her lyre to ſome indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of ſervile minds, her ſtrenuous form
Indignant flaſhes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act ſerene,
Yet watchful, raiſes the majeſtic ſword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the ſacred volume of the laws.

Genius

Genius of ancient Greece! whoſe faithful ſteps
Well-pleas'd I follow through the ſacred paths
Of nature and of ſcience; nurſe divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair deſires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praiſe
Inſpire my kindling boſom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if amid the calm
That ſooths this vernal evening into ſmiles,
I ſteal impatient from the ſordid haunts
Of ſtrife and low ambition, to attend
Thy ſacred preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps ne'er profan'd.
Deſcend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Perſian tyrant, foil'd and ſtung
With ſhame and deſperation, gnaſh'd his teeth
To ſee thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy god-like ſires
Of civil wiſdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the ſchools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lycéum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft inchanted with Socratic ſounds,
Iliſſus pure devolv'd his tuneful ſtream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming ſtore
Of theſe auſpicious fields, may I unblam'd

ranſplant ſome living bloſſoms to adorn
[y native clime: while far above the flight
f fancy's plume aſpiring, I unlock
he ſprings of ancient wiſdom! while I join
hy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal praiſe
f nature, while to my compatriot youth
oint the high example of thy ſons,
nd tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE ſeparation of the works of imagination from philoſophy, the cauſe of their abuſe among the moderns. Proſpect of their re-union under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleaſures, which increaſe the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleaſures of ſenſe. Particular circumſtances of the mind. Diſcovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and deſign. Emotion of the paſſions. All the natural paſſions partake of a pleaſing ſenſation; with the final cauſe of this conſtitution illuſtrated by an allegorical viſion, and exemplified in ſorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

WHEN ſhall the laurel and the vocal ſtring
Reſume their honours? When ſhall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan hand,
Aſpire to ancient praiſe? Alas! how faint,
How ſlow, the dawn of beauty and of truth 5
Breaks

reaks the reluctant ſhades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
eneath the furies of rapacious force;
ft as the gloomy north, with iron-ſwarms
empeſtuous pouring from her frozen caves,
laſted the Italian ſhore, and ſwept the works
f liberty and wiſdom down the gulph
f all-devouring night. As long immur'd
noon-tide darkneſs by the glimmering lamp,
ach Muſe and each fair ſcience pin'd away
he ſordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
heir myſteries profan'd, unſtrung the lyre,
nd chain'd the ſoaring pinion down to earth.
t laſt the Muſes roſe, and ſpurn'd their bonds,
nd, wildly warbling, ſcatter'd, as they flew,
heir blooming wreaths from fair Valcluſa's bowers
o Arno's myrtle border and the ſhore
f ſoft Parthenope. But ſtill the rage
f dire ambition and gigantic power,
rom public aims and from the buſy walk
f civil commerce, drove the bolder train
f penetrating ſcience to the cells,
Where ſtudious eaſe conſumes the ſilent hour
n ſhadowy ſearches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
To prieſtly domination and the luſt
Of lawleſs courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have reſign'd,
In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue

Was tun'd for ſlaviſh pæans at the throne
Of tinſel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief; while on their proſtrate necks
The ſable tyrant plants his heel ſecure.
But now, behold! the radiant æra dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endleſs years on Albion's happy ſhore
In full proportion, once more ſhall extend
To all the kindred powers of ſocial bliſs
A common manſion, a parental roof.
There ſhall the Virtues, there ſhall Wiſdom's trai
Their long-loſt friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the ſmiling family of arts,
The Muſes and the Graces. Then no more
Shall vice, diſtracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high diſtaſte and ſcorn
Turn from their charms the philoſophic eye,
The patriot-boſom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footſteps haughty and ſevere
In gloomy ſtate be trod: the harmonious Muſe
And her perſuaſive ſiſters then ſhall plant
Their ſheltering laurels o'er the bleak aſcent,
And ſcatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine Philoſophy's retreats,
And teach the Muſe her lore; already ſtrove
Their long-divided honours to unite,

While tempering this deep argument we ſang
Of Truth and Beauty. Now the ſame glad taſk
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We haſten to recount the various ſprings
Of adventitious pleaſure, which adjoin
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and inlarge
The complicated joy. The ſweets of ſenſe,
Do they not oft with kind acceſſion flow,
To raiſe harmonious Fancy's native charm?
So while we taſte the fragrance of the roſe,
Glows not her bluſh the fairer? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Guſh through the trickling herbage, to the thirſt
Of ſummer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreſhment; o'er the moſſy brink
Shines not the ſurface clearer, and the waves
With ſweeter muſic murmur as they flow?
Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumſtance aſſumes
A moment's diſpoſition to rejoice
In thoſe delights which at a different hour
Would paſs unheeded. Fair the face of ſpring,
When rural ſongs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his
Round whom the bed of ſickneſs long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When firſt with freſh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the bleſſed ſun

Warm at his boſom, from the ſprings of life
Chaſing oppreſſive damps and languid pain!
Or ſhall I mention, where cœleſtial Truth
Her awful light diſcloſes, to beſtow
A more majeſtic pomp on Beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of Truth
More welcome touch his underſtanding's eye,
Than all the blandiſhments of ſound his ear,
Than all of taſte his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have ſhone ſo pleaſing, as when firſt
The hand of ſcience pointed out the path
In which the ſun-beams gleaming from the weſt
Fall on the watery cloud, whoſe darkſome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling ſhower
Piercing through every cryſtalline convex
Of cluſtering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
The internal ſurface of each glaſſy orb
Repells their forward paſſage into air;
That thence direct they ſeek the radiant goal
From which their courſe began; and, as they ſtrike
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Aſſume a different luſtre, through the brede
Of colours changing from the ſplendid roſe
To the pale violet's dejected hue.
Or ſhall we touch that kind acceſs of joy,
That ſprings to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, wiſdom's artful aim
Diſpoſing every part, and gaining ſtill

By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whoſe favour'd ſteps
The lamp of ſcience through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her ſecret honours: whether in the ſky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the penſile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the rowling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-ſuſtaining earth,
Or fine-adjuſted ſprings of life and ſenſe,
Ye ſcan the counſels of their author's hand.
What, when to raiſe the meditated ſcene,
The flame of paſſion, through the ſtruggling ſoul
Deep-kindled, ſhows acroſs that ſudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vaſt of ſize,
With fiercer colours and a night of ſhade?
What? like a ſtorm from their capacious bed
The ſounding ſeas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of theſe eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's ſtrong apprehenſion, ſhakes his frame
Even to the baſe; from every naked ſenſe
Of pain or pleaſure diſſipating all
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb faſhion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then nature ſpeaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their ſouls,
Declare with what accumulated force,
The impetuous nerve of paſſion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more: her honours where nor beauty claims,
Nor ſhews of good the thirſty ſenſe allure,
From paſſion's power alone our nature holds
Eſſential pleaſure. Paſſion's fierce illapſe
Rouzes the mind's whole fabric; with ſupplies
Of daily impulſe keeps the elaſtic powers
Intenſely poiz'd, and poliſhes anew
By that colliſion all the fine machine:
Elſe ruſt would riſe, and foulneſs, by degrees
Incumbering, choak at laſt what heaven deſign'd
For ceaſeleſs motion and a round of toil.
—But ſay, does every paſſion thus to man
Adminiſter delight? That name indeed
Becomes the roſy breath of love; becomes
The radiant ſmiles of joy, the applauding hand
Of admiration: but the bitter ſhower
That ſorrow ſheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palſy of nocturnal fear,
Or thoſe conſuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then liſten while my tongue
The unalter'd will of heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the ſchools
Of Wiſdom, or thy lonely-whiſpering voice,
O faithful Nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and ſupport this mighty frame
Of univerſal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have ſtolen unmark'd away,

While

While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the ſage his awful tale began.
'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When ſpotleſs youth with ſolitude reſigns
To ſweet philoſophy the ſtudious day,
What time pale autumn ſhades the ſilent eve,
Muſing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd;
When ſtarting full on Fancy's guſhing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!
When blooming youth, nor gentleſt wiſdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
Avail'd to ſnatch thee from the cruel grave;
Thy agonizing looks, thy laſt farewel
Struck to the inmoſt feeling of my ſoul
As with the hand of death. At once the ſhade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarſer murmuring ſhook the branches. Dark
As midnight ſtorms, the ſcene of human things
Appear'd before me; deſarts, burning ſands,
Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen ſouth,
And deſolation blaſting all the weſt
With rapine and with murder: tyrant power
Here ſits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms
Of ſuperſtition there infect the ſkies,
And turn the ſun to horror. Gracious heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot theſe,
Not theſe *portents thy* awful will ſuffice?

That,

That, propagated thus beyond their ſcope,
They riſe to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted boſom, thus decreed
The univerſal ſenſitive of pain,
The wretched heirs of evils not its own!
Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd,
A flaſhing torrent of coeleſtial day
Burſt through the ſhadowy void. With ſlow deſ
A purple cloud came floating through the ſky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majeſtic o'er my head,
And inſtant thunder ſhook the conſcious grove.
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
Then all the ſhining viſion ſtood reveal'd.
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his ſhoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the tranſparent robe, around his waiſt
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Æthereal: there in myſtic ſigns engrav'd,
I read his office high and ſacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike preſence; for athwart his brow
Diſpleaſure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
Like diſtant thunders broke the murmuring air.
Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy ſhort ſpan
Capacious of this univerſal frame?

Thy wiſdom all-ſufficient? Thou, alas!
Doſt thou aſpire to judge between the Lord
Of nature and his works? to lift thy voice
Againſt the ſovran order he decreed,
All good and lovely? to blaſpheme the bands
Of tenderneſs innate and ſocial love,
Holieſt of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamantine links,
Was drawn to perfect union and ſuſtain'd
From everlaſting? Haſt thou felt the pangs
Of ſoftening ſorrow, of indignant zeal
So grievous to the ſoul, as thence to wiſh
The ties of nature broken from thy frame;
That ſo thy ſelfiſh, unrelenting heart
Might ceaſe to mourn its lot, no longer then
The wretched heir of evils not its own?
O fair benevolence of generous minds!
O man by nature form'd for all mankind!
He ſpoke; abaſh'd and ſilent I remain'd,
As conſcious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
Before his preſence, though my ſecret ſoul
Diſdain'd the imputation. On the ground
I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch
He ſtoop'd ſublime, and touching with his hand
My dazzling forehead, Raiſe thy ſight, he cry'd,
And let thy ſenſe convince thy erring tongue.
I look'd, and lo! the former ſcene was chang'd;
For verdant alleys and ſurrounding trees,
A ſolitary proſpect, wide and wild,
Ruſh'd on my ſenſes. 'Twas an horrid pile

Of

Of hills with many a ſhaggy foreſt mix'd,
With many a ſable cliff and glittering ſtream.
Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods wav'd; while ever-trickling ſprings
Waſh'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling ſoil; and ſtill at every fall
Down the ſteep windings of the channel'd rock,
Remurmuring ruſh'd the congregated floods
With hoarier inundation; till at laſt
They reach'd a graſſy plain, which from the ſkirts
Of that high deſart ſpread her verdant lap,
And drank the guſhing moiſture, where confin'd
In one ſmooth current, o'er the lilied vale
Clearer than glaſs it flow'd. Autumnal ſpoils
Luxuriant ſpreading to the rays of morn,
Bluſh'd o'er the cliffs, whoſe half-incircling mound
As in a ſylvan theatre inclos'd
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I ſpy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the ſilver ſhade
Of oſiers. Now the weſtern ſun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd acroſs the ſhadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow ſtream of light
That cheer'd the ſolemn ſcene. My liſtening powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in ſilence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice
Of that cœleſtial power, the myſtic ſhow
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

Inhabitant of earth, to whom is given
The gracious ways of providence to learn,
..eceive my ſayings with a ſtedfaſt ear —
..now then, the ſovran ſpirit of the world,
Though, ſelf-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep eſſence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity complete;
Yet by immenſe benignity inclin'd
To ſpread around him that primæval joy
Which fill'd himſelf, he rais'd his plaſtic arm
And ſounded through the hollow depth of ſpace
The ſtrong, creative mandate. Strait aroſe
Theſe heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effuſive kindled by his breath divine
Through endleſs forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him its portion of the vital flame,
In meaſure ſuch, that, from the wide complex
Of coexiſtent orders, one might riſe,
One order, all-involving and intire.
He too beholding in the ſacred light
Of his eſſential reaſon, all the ſhapes
Of ſwift contingence, all ſucceſſive ties
Of action propagated through the ſum
Of poſſible exiſtence, he at once,
Down the long ſeries of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd,
To every living ſoul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That all conſpir'd to his ſupreme deſign,
To univerſal good: with full accord

Anſwering

Anſwering the mighty model he had choſen,
The beſt and faireſt of unnumber'd worlds
That lay from everlaſting in the ſtore
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By one exertion of creative power
His goodneſs to reveal; through every age,
Through evrey moment up the tract of time
His parent-hand with ever-new increaſe
Of happineſs and virtue has adorn'd
The vaſt harmonious frame: his parent-hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to cœleſtial minds,
For ever leads the generations on
To higher ſcenes of being; while ſupply'd
From day to day with his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon
Obedient ſwells, and every headlong ſtream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
The ſun of being, boundleſs, unimpair'd,
Centre of ſouls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of nature ceaſe to prompt their eager ſteps
Aright; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From granting to the taſk proportion'd aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb the aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

That rocky pile thou ſeeſt, that verdant lawn
'reſh-water'd from the mountains. Let the ſcene
'aint in thy fancy the primæval ſeat
)f man, and where the will ſupreme ordain'd
Iis manſion, that pavilion fair-diffus'd
Along the ſhady brink; in this receſs
'o wear the appointed ſeaſon of his youth,
'ill riper hours ſhould open to his toil
'he high communion of ſuperior minds,
)f conſecrated heroes and of gods.
[or did the Sire Omnipotent forget
Iis tender bloom to cheriſh; nor withheld
'œleſtial footſteps from his green abode.
)ft from the radiant honours of his throne,
[e ſent whom moſt he lov'd, the ſovran fair,
'he effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
efore his eyes for ever to behold;
'he goddeſs from whoſe inſpiration flows
'he toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
Vithout whoſe work divine, in heaven or earth,
'ought lovely, nought propitious comes to paſs,
or hope, nor praiſe, nor honour. Her the ſire
ave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
'he folded powers to open, to direct
'he growth luxuriant of his young deſires,
.nd from the laws of this majeſtic world
'o teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
er daily care attended, by her ſide
Vith conſtant ſteps her gay companion ſtay'd,
'he fair Euphroſyné, the gentle queen

Of ſmiles, and graceful gladneſs, and delights
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
And powers immortal. See the ſhining pair!
Behold, where from his dwelling now diſclos'd
They quit their youthful charge and ſeek the ſkies.
I look'd, and on the flowery turf there ſtood
Between two radiant forms a ſmiling youth
Whoſe tender cheeks diſplay'd the vernal flower
Of beauty; ſweeteſt innocence illum'd
His baſhful eyes, and on his poliſh'd brow
Sate young ſimplicity. With fond regard
He view'd the aſſociates, as their ſteps they mov'd;
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
With mild regret invoking her return.
Bright as the ſtar of evening ſhe appear'd
Amid the duſky ſcene. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
And ſmiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flow'd, like the dewy luſtre of the morn
Effuſive trembling on the placid waves.
The ſpring of heaven had ſhed its bluſhing ſpoils
To bind her ſable treſſes: full diffus'd
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand ſhe wav'd a living branch
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes,
To chaſe the cloud of ſadneſs. More ſublime
The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
Compos'd her ſteps. The preſence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,

From each majeſtic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe! till, cheriſh'd by her looks
Benevolent and meek, confiding love
To filial rapture ſoften'd all the ſoul.
Free in her graceful hand ſhe pois'd the ſword
Of chaſte dominion. An heroic crown
Diſplay'd the old ſimplicity of pomp
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the ſunſhine ſtreams through vernal clouds,
Her ſtately form inveſted. Hand in hand
The immortal pair forſook the enamel'd green,
Aſcending ſlowly. Rays of limpid light
Gleam'd round their path; cœleſtial ſounds were heard,
And through the fragrant air æthereal dews
Diſtill'd around them; till at once the clouds
Diſparting wide in midway ſky, withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanſe
Of empyréan flame, where ſpent and drown'd,
Afflicted viſion plung'd in vain to ſcan
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
Indur'd not. Bending down to earth I ſtood,
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
As watery murmurs ſweet, or warbling ſhades,
With ſacred invocation thus began.
  Father of gods and mortals! whoſe right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well-pleas'd
I ſeek to finiſh thy divine decree.
With frequent ſteps I viſit yonder ſeat
Of man, thy offspring; from the tender ſeeds

Of juſtice and of wiſdom, to evolve
The latent honours of his generous frame;
Till thy conducting hand ſhall raiſe his lot
From earth's dim ſcene to theſe æthereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice, he oft requires,
Or hears delighted: this inchanting maid,
The aſſociate thou haſt given me, her alone
He loves, O Father! abſent, her he craves;
And but for her glad preſence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpoſe to fulfil,
I deem uncertain: and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unleſs by thee
Still farther aided in the work divine.
She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd.
O thou! in whom for ever I delight,
Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
Beſt image of thy author! far from thee
Be diſappointment, or diſtaſte, or blame;
Who ſoon or late ſhall every work fulfil,
And no reſiſtance find. If man refuſe
To hearken to thy dictates; or, allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
That joy which he purſues he ne'er ſhall taſte,
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil;
Go then! but let not this thy ſmiling friend
Partake thy footſteps. In her ſtead, behold!

With thee the ſon of Nemeſis I ſend;
The fiend abhorr'd! whoſe vengeance takes account
Of ſacred order's violated laws.
See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhauſt the tempeſt of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Control his cruel phrenzy, and proteſt
Thy tender charge; that when deſpair ſhall graſp
His agonizing boſom, he may learn,
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
Alone ſufficient in the hour of ill,
To ſave his feeble ſpirit; then confeſs
Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair!
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
Of this avenging dæmon, all the ſtorms
Of night infernal, ſerve but to diſplay
The energy of thy ſuperior charms
With mildeſt awe triumphant o'er his rage,
And ſhining clearer in the horrid gloom.
Here ceas'd that awful voice, and ſoon I felt
The cloudy curtain of refreſhing eve
Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire
Sheltering my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
A vaſt gigantic ſpectre ſtriding on
Through murmuring thunders and a waſte of clouds,
With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
Relentleſs frowns involv'd. His ſavage limbs
With ſharp impatience violent he writh'd,
As through convulſive anguiſh; and his hand,
Arm'd with a ſcorpion-laſh, full oft he rais'd

In madneſs to his boſom; while his eyes
Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he ſhook
The void with horror. Silent by his ſide
The virgin came. No diſcompoſure ſtirr'd
Her features. From the glooms which hung aro
No ſtain of darkneſs mingled with the beam
Of her divine effulgence. Now they ſtoop
Upon the river-bank; and now to hail
His wonted gueſts, with eager ſteps advanc'd
The unſuſpecting inmate of the ſhade.

As when a famiſh'd wolf, that all night long
Had rang'd the Alpine ſnows, by chance at morn
Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the ſmoke
Of ſome lone village, a neglected kid
That ſtrays along the wild for herb or ſpring;
Down from the winding ridge he ſweeps amain,
And thinks he tears him: ſo with tenfold rage,
The monſter ſprung remorſeleſs on his prey.
Amaz'd the ſtripling ſtood: with panting breaſt
Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
Of helpleſs conſternation, ſtruck at once,
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
His terror, and with looks of tendereſt care
Advanc'd to ſave him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful power. His keen, tempeſtuous arm
Hung nerveleſs, nor deſcended where his rage
Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retir'd
With ſullen rancour. Lo! the ſovran maid
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life rekindles in his roſy cheek;

Then graſps his hands, and cheers him with her tongue.
O wake thee, rouze thy ſpirit! Shall the ſpite
Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
To reſcue and to heal? O let thy ſoul
Remember, what the will of heaven ordains
Is ever good for all; and if for all,
Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
And ſoothing ſunſhine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flouriſh. Oft miſled
By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
Of reaſon wander through a fatal road,
Far from their native aim: as if to lye
Inglorious in the fragrant ſhade, and wait
The ſoft acceſs of ever-circling joys,
Were all the end of being. Aſk thyſelf,
This pleaſing error did it never lull
Thy wiſhes? Has thy conſtant heart refus'd
The ſilken fetters of delicious eaſe?
Or when divine Euphroſyné appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy deſires
Hang far below the meaſure of thy fate,
Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
Impatient of my counſels, turn away
To drink the ſoft effuſion of her ſmiles?
Know then, for this the everlaſting fire
Deprives thee of her preſence, and inſtead,
O wiſe and ſtill benevolent! ordains
This horrid viſage hither to purſue
My ſteps; that ſo thy nature may diſcern

Its real good, and what alone can ſave
Thy feeble ſpirit in this hour of ill
From folly and deſpair. O yet belov'd!
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
Thy ſcatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
Of this tormentor, nor his proud aſſault,
While I am here to vindicate thy toil,
Above the generous queſtion of thy arm.
Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakneſs ſtrong,
This hour he triumphs: but confront his might
And dare him to the combat, then with caſe
Diſarm'd and quell'd, his fierceneſs he reſigns
To bondage and to ſcorn: while thus inur'd
By watchful danger, by unceaſing toil,
The immortal mind, ſuperior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the ſolid baſe of this great world,
Reſts on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds
Ye waves! ye thunders! rowl your tempeſt on;
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble ſky!
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be looſen'd from their ſeats; yet ſtill ſerene,
The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the w
And ever ſtronger as the ſtorms advance,
Firm through the cloſing ruin holds his way,
Where nature calls him to the deſtin'd goal.
So ſpake the goddeſs; while through all her f
Cœleſtial raptures flow'd, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To ſeize who liſten'd. Vehement and ſwift

As lightning fires the aromatic ſhade
In Æthiopian fields, the ſtripling felt
Her inſpiration catch his fervid ſoul,
And ſtarting from his languor thus exclaim'd.
Then let the trial come! and witneſs thou,
If terror be upon me; if I ſhrink
To meet the ſtorm, or faulter in my ſtrength
When hardeſt it beſets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of ſoul,
As late thy eyes beheld: for thou haſt chang'd
My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Through toil or peril: only do not thou
Forſake me; O be thou for ever near,
That I may liſten to thy ſacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my conſtant feet.
But ſay, for ever are my eyes bereft?
Say, ſhall the fair Euphroſyné not once
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heaven!
O thou eternal arbiter of things!
Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,
To queſtion thy appointment? Let the frowns
Of this avenger every morn o'ercaſt
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp
With double night my dwelling; I will learn
To hail them both, and unrepining bear
His hateful preſence: but permit my tongue
One glad requeſt, and if my deeds may find
Thy *awful eye propitious*, O reſtore

The roſy-featur'd maid; again to cheer
This lonely ſeat, and bleſs me with her ſmiles.
He ſpoke; when inſtant through the ſable gloom
With which that furious preſence had involv'd
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightning flaſh; the melting clouds
Flew diverſe, and amid the blue ſerene
Euphroſyné appear'd. With ſprightly ſtep
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began.
Lo! I am here to anſwer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; we ſhall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the ſ
Repeats the accents; we ſhall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well pleas'd on high
The father has beheld you, while the might
Of that ſtern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever ſpake
The high decree: that thou, cœleſtial maid!
However that grieſly phantom on thy ſteps
May ſometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, deſcending to the abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphroſyné behind.
She ended; and the whole romantic ſcene
Immediate vaniſh'd; rocks, and woods, and rill
The mantling tent, and each myſterious form,
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,

When ſun-ſhine fills the bed. A while I ſtood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who bade the viſionary landſcape riſe,
As up to him I turn'd, with gentleſt looks
Preventing my enquiry, thus began.
There let thy ſoul acknowledge its complaint
How blind, how impious! There behold the ways
Of heaven's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent, and wiſe:
That Virtue's awful ſteps, howe'er purſued
By vexing Fortune and intruſive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaſte,
Her fair attendant, Pleaſure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoftening ſoul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of Paſſion ſwelling with Diſtreſs and Pain,
To mitigate the ſharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleaſure? Aſk the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
That ſacred hour, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſooths
With Virtue's kindeſt looks his aking breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Aſk the crowd

Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some helpleſs bark; while ſacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhricks aloud,
As one poor wretch that ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down: O! deemeſt thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature given
To mutual terror and Compaſſion's tears?
No ſweetly-melting ſoftneſs which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the ſocial powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Aſk thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that ſtudious gloom thy pauſing eye
Led by the glimmering taper moves around
The ſacred volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the preſent power
Of heaven and earth ſurveys the immortal page,
Even as a father bleſſing, while he reads
The praiſes of his ſon. If then thy ſoul,
Spurning the yoke of theſe inglorious days,
n their deeds and kindle with their flame;
hen the proſpect blackens on thy view,

When

When rooted from the baſe, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of curſt ambition; when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires,
Lie ſide by ſide in gore; when ruffian pride
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To ſlaviſh empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful buſt
And ſtoried arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal envy, ſtrew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where Wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight prayer;
When ruthleſs rapine from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer blow
To ſweep the works of glory from their baſe;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where ſenates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hiſſes the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm

In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? Or would'ſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clamorous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?—" The baleful dregs
Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſt be the eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame
The native honours of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of its ſire.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

T'H

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION,

BOOK THE THIRD.

PLEASURE in obſerving the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or abſurd. The origin of vice, from falſe repreſentations of the fancy, producing falſe opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general ſources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cauſe of the ſenſe of ridicule. The reſemblance of certain aſpects of inanimate things to the ſenſations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, deſcribed. The ſecondary pleaſure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illuſtrated in the arbitrary connexion of theſe pleaſures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taſte. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages reſulting from a ſenſible and well-formed imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, ſince the indearing ties
Of paſſion link the univerſal kind
Of man ſo cloſe, what wonder if to ſearch
This common nature through the various change

Of ſex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the buſy mind
With unreſiſted charms? The ſpacious weſt,
And all the teeming regions of the ſouth
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half ſo tempting or ſo fair,
As man to man. Nor only where the ſmiles
Of love invite; nor only where the applauſe
Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
On Virtue's graceful deeds. For ſince the courſe
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehenſions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; ſo haply where the powers
Of fancy neither leſſen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion ſays he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the ſound of death
Sees ghaſtly ſhapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him; nought but death-bed groan
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink

Of light and being, down the gloomy air
An unknown depth? Alas! in ſuch a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of ſacred ſenates, nor the guardian voice
Of juſtice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conſcious boſom with a patriot's flame;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or ſtand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not chuſe to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From the inchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirſt
Of youth oft ſwallows a Circæan draught,
That ſheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reaſon, till no longer he diſcerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that ſpurn him from the throne!
And all is uproar. Thus ambition graſps
The empire of the ſoul: thus pale revenge
Unſheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands
Of luſt and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling ſcene
The Tragic Muſe diſcloſes, under ſhapes
Of honour, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the mind. Yet not by all
Thoſe lying forms which Fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling paſſions driven,

To guilty deeds; nor reaſon bound in chains,
That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With ſolemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot-antics, like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears; a thouſand ways
She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing of nature's charms, and touch well-pleas'd
A ſtricter note: now haply muſt my ſong
Unbend her ſerious meaſure, and reveal
In lighter ſtrains, how folly's aukward arts
Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
The ſportive province of the Comic Muſe.

See! in what crouds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outſtrip the other, each prevent
Our careful ſearch, and offer to your gaze,
Unaſk'd, his motley features. Wait a while,
My curious friends! and let us firſt arrange
In proper order your promiſcuous throng.

Behold the foremoſt band; of ſlender thought,
And eaſy faith; whom flattering fancy ſooths
With lying ſpectres, in themſelves to view
Illuſtrious forms of excellence and good,
That ſcorn the manſion. With exulting hearts
They ſpread their ſpurious treaſures to the ſun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wiſhful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with ſelf-applauſe each lordly brow.
In numbers boundleſs as the blooms of ſpring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty ſhades
By Fancy gilded o'er, and then ſet up

or adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal band, and sable-circtur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendor, steely pikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
wrought with flowery gold, assume the port
Of stately valour: listening by his side
here stands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
e talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
nd sulphurous mines, and ambush: then at once
eaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
nd asks some wondering question of her fears.
thers of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
nd bending oft their sanctimonious eyes
ake homage of the simple-minded throng;
mbassadors of heaven! Nor much unlike
s he whose visage, in the lazy mist
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band.
Then comes the second order; all who seek
The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye
On some retir'd appearance which belies
The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause

That juſtice elſe would pay. Here ſide by ſide
I ſee two leaders of the ſolemn train
Approaching: one a female old and grey,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of death; yet ſtill ſhe ſtuns
The ſickening audience with a nauſeous tale;
How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how reſolv'd ſhe guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terror at the riſques of love,
And man's ſeducing tongue! The other ſeems
A bearded ſage, ungentle in his mien,
And ſordid all his habit; peeviſh want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He ſtalks, reſounding in magnific phraſe
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave aſſociates! let the ſilent grace
Of her who bluſhes at the fond regard
Her charms inſpire, more eloquent unfold
The praiſe of ſpotleſs honour: let the man
Whoſe eye regards not his illuſtrious pomp
And ample ſtore, but as indulgent ſtreams
To cheer the barren ſoil and ſpread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juſter meaſures fix
The price of riches and the end of power.
  Another tribe ſucceeds; deluded long
By Fancy's dazzling optics, theſe behold
The images of ſome peculiar things
With brighter hues reſplendent, and portray'd

With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinſel charms;
Hence oft obtruſive on the eye of ſcorn,
Untimely zeal her witleſs pride betrays!
And ſerious manhood from the towering aim
Of Wiſdom, ſtoops to emulate the boaſt
Of childiſh toil. Behold yon myſtic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, inſects, weeds, and ſhells!
Not with intenſer view the Samian ſage
Bent his fixt eye on heaven's intenſer fires,
When firſt the order of that radiant ſcene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than this ſurveys
A muckworm's entrails or a ſpider's fang.
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd,
Attends that virgin form, and bluſhing kneels,
With fondeſt geſture and a ſuppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the buſtling world!
Adieu the ſick impertinence of praiſe!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By ſtreams and ſhades, to ſteal theſe ſighing hours,
Is all he aſks, and all that fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded cenſor, oft have I beheld,
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Fluſh'd with thy comic triumphs and the ſpoils
Of ſly deriſion! till on every ſide
Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
Aſſign'd thee here thy ſtation with the ſlaves

Of folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In ſcoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy ſcorn.

But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the Muſes' empire hath aſſign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your ſickles; here the teeming ſoil affords
Its richeſt growth. A favourite brood appears;
In whom the dæmon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye moſt illuſtrious band!
Who, ſcorning reaſon's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For ſouls ſublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay Vice the reverence Virtue long uſurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applauſe
Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my ſong,
That for the bluſhing diffidence of youth,
It ſhuns the unequal province of your praiſe.

Thus far triumphant in the pleaſing guile
Of bland imagination, folly's train
Have dar'd our ſearch: but now a daſtard-kind
Advance reluctant, and with faultering feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye: infeebled hearts
Whom Fancy chills with viſionary fears,
Or bends to ſervile tameneſs with conceits
Of ſhame, of evil, or of baſe defect,
Fantaſtic and deluſive. Hence the ſlave

Who

Who droops abaſh'd when ſullen pomp ſurveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and ſtruck with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in ſhameful tears,
At every dream of danger: here ſubdued
By frontleſs laughter and the hardy ſcorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject ſoul,
Who bluſhing half reſigns the candid praiſe
Of temperance and honour; half diſowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;
And hears with ſickly ſmiles the venal mouth
With fouleſt licence mock the patriot's name.

Laſt of the motley bands on whom the power
Of gay deriſion bends her hoſtile aim,
Is that where ſhameful ignorance preſides.
Beneath her ſordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, confuſion ſtraight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they ſtruggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpoſe; then at laſt
Sit down diſmay'd, and leave the entangled ſcene
For ſcorn to ſport with. Such then is the abode
Of folly in the mind; and ſuch the ſhapes
In which ſhe governs her obſequious train.

Through every ſcene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenour of my devious lay;
Through every ſwift occaſion, which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her ſallying nerves and choaks her tongue;

What were it but to count each cryſtal drop
Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May diſtil? Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'er the power of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick obſerver: whether Pomp,
Or Praiſe, or Beauty, mix their partial claim
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with violation loath'd,
Invade reſplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of Beauty, or the boaſt of Praiſe.
Aſk we for what fair end, the Almighty Sire
In mortal boſoms wakes this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful ſtings of laughter, from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
The giddy aims of folly? Though the light
Of truth ſlow dawning on the inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, through many a ſubtile tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil! yet benignant Heaven,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of Truth appears
To thouſands; conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of nature; therefore ſtamp'd
The glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,

As broad, as obvious, to the paſſing clown,
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.
Such are the various aſpects of the mind—
Some heavenly genius, whoſe unclouded thoughts
Attain that ſecret harmony which blends
The æthereal ſpirit with its mold of clay;
O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
That ſearchleſs nature o'er the ſenſe of man
Diffuſes, to behold, in lifeleſs things,
The inexpreſſive ſemblance of himſelf,
Of thought and paſſion. Mark the ſable woods
That ſhade ſublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the ſolemn ſcene
Commands your ſteps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa ſhould forſake
The Elyſian ſeats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pauſing eye! Behold the expanſe
Of yon gay landſcape, where the ſilver clouds
Flit o'er the heavens before the ſprightly breeze:
Now their grey cincture ſkirts the doubtful ſun;
Now ſtreams of ſplendor, through their opening veil
Effulgent, ſweep from off the gilded lawn
The aërial ſhadows; on the curling brook,
And on the ſhady margin's quivering leaves
With quickeſt luſtre glancing; while you view
The proſpect, ſay, within your cheerful breaſt
Plays not the lively ſenſe of winning mirth
With clouds and ſun-ſhine chequer'd, while the round
Of ſocial converſe, to the inſpiring tongue
Of ſome gay nymph amid her ſubject train,

Moves all obſequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power of ſuch diſcordant things?
Or flows their ſemblance from that myſtic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
At firſt were ſtrung? Or rather from the links
Which artful cuſtom twines around her frame?
For when the different images of things
By chance combin'd, have ſtruck the attentive ſoul
With deeper impulſe, or, connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er diſtinct
The external ſcenes, yet oft the ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie,
And ſympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recall one partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confederates riſe,
And each his former ſtation ſtrait reſumes:
One movement governs the conſenting throng,
And all at once with roſy pleaſure ſhine,
Or all are ſadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
Of the ſame parent-ſtone, together drew
Its myſtic virtue, and at firſt conſpir'd
With fatal impulſe quivering to the pole:
Then, though diſjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main
Rowl'd its broad ſurge betwixt, and different ſtars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preſerv'd
The former friendſhip, and remember'd ſtill
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which one poſſeſs'd, nor pauſe, nor quiet knew

The

The ſure aſſociate, ere with trembling ſpeed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the ſecret union, when we feel
A ſong, a flower, a name, at once reſtore
Thoſe long-connected ſcenes where firſt they mov'd
The attention: backward through her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton fancy to her ſcope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of paſſions and deſigns
Attendant: whence, if pleaſing in itſelf,
The proſpect from that ſweet acceſſion gains
Redoubled influence o'er the liſtening mind.
By theſe myſterious ties the buſy power
Of memory her ideal train preſerves
Intire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footſteps from the waſte
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to preſent,
Before the curious aim of mimic art,
Their largeſt choice: like ſpring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling ſweetneſs, that the ſkillful bee
May taſte at will, from their ſelected ſpoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanſe
Of living lakes in ſummer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering ſhade, and ſun-bright heavens
With fairer ſemblance; not the ſculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whoſe birth the ſiſter powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial ſtar
Shed *influence to the* ſeeds of fancy kind;

Than

Than his attemper'd boſom muſt preſerve
The ſeal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial ſweets: the trembling chord
Reſounds for ever in the abſtracted ear,
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to diſeaſe, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating luſtre. Thus at length
Indow'd with all that nature can beſtow,
The child of fancy oft in ſilence bends
O'er theſe mixt treaſures of his pregnant breaſt,
With conſcious pride. From them he oft reſolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what ſublime reward
Of praiſe and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plaſtic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His boſom; and with loveliеſt frenzy caught,
From earth to heaven he rowls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thouſand ſhapes,
Like ſpectres trooping to the wiſard's call,
Flit ſwift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come: the eternal heavens
Diſcloſe their ſplendors, and the dark abyſs
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the riſing phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now divides
Inlarges and extenuates by turns;
Oppoſes, ranges in fantaſtic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,

Now

Now thither fluctuates his inconſtant aim,
With endleſs choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring ſeeds
Of nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till roſy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant boſom, and the joyful ſun
Sprung up the blue ſerene; by ſwift degrees
Thus diſentangled, his entire deſign
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour ſmiles.
Awhile he ſtands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, imbodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object aſcertain'd: while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic ſkill,
The conſonance of ſounds, the featur'd rock,
The ſhadowy picture and impaſſion'd verſe,
Beyond their proper powers attract the ſoul
By that expreſſive ſemblance, while in ſight
Of nature's great original we ſcan
The lively child of art; while line by line,
And feature after feature we refer
To that ſublime exemplar whence it ſtole
Thoſe animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love

Doubts where to chuſe; and mortal man aſpires
To tempt creative praiſe. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail with limpid cruſts of ice
Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming ſun,
Collects his large effulgence; ſtrait the heavens
With equal flames preſent on either hand
The radiant viſage: Perſia ſtands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The ſnowy-veſted ſeer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the ſouth ſhall burn,
To which his warbled oriſons aſcend.
  Such various bliſs the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of heaven! while, plung'd in ſordid cares,
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
And harſh auſterity, from whoſe rebuke
Young love and ſmiling wonder ſhrink away
Abaſh'd and chill of heart, with ſager frowns
Condemns the fair inchantment. On my ſtrain,
Perhaps even now, ſome cold, faſtidious judge
Caſts a diſdainful eye; and calls my toil,
And calls the love and beauty which I ſing,
The dream of folly. Thou, grave cenſor! ſay,
Is beauty then a dream, becauſe the glooms
Of dulneſs hang too heavy on thy ſenſe,
To let her ſhine upon thee? So the man
Whoſe eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
Might ſmile with ſcorn while raptur'd viſion tells
Of the gay-colour'd radiance flaſhing bright
O'er all creation. From the wiſe be far
Such groſs unhallow'd pride; nor needs my ſong

Deſcend ſo low; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
By what myſterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of ſound
Reſult from airy motion; and from ſhape
The lovely phantoms of ſublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When preſent in the mind, which in themſelves
Have no connection? Sure the riſing ſun
O'er the cœrulean convex of the ſea,
With equal brightneſs and with equal warmth
Might rowl his fiery orb; nor yet the ſoul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers
Exulting in the ſplendor ſhe beholds;
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of ſome triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murmuring ſtreams and gales of gentleſt breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful ſtrain
Attemper, could not man's diſcerning ear
Through all its tones the ſympathy purſue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameleſs joy
Steal through his veins and fan the awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the ſong.

But were not nature ſtill endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With ſuch inchantment? Wherefore then her form
So exquiſitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With ſuch æthereal ſweetneſs? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raiſe or to depreſs
The impaſſion'd ſoul? and whence the robes of light

Which

Which thus inveſt her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can deſcribe? Whence but from thee,
O ſource divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeaſur'd goodneſs? Not content
With every food of life to nouriſh man,
By kind illuſions of the wondering ſenſe
Thou mak'ſt all nature beauty to his eye,
Or muſic to his ear: well-pleas'd he ſcans
The goodly proſpect; and with inward ſmiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal ſplendor; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleaſing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor queſtions more the muſic's mingling ſounds
Than ſpace, or motion, or eternal time;
So ſweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed ſoul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the deſtin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The adventurous heroe, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad ſurprize, by ſecret ſpells
Of ſome kind ſage, the patron of his toils,
A viſionary paradiſe diſclos'd
Amid the dubious wild: with ſtreams, and ſhades,
And airy ſongs, the enchanted landſcape ſmiles,
Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What

What then is taſte, but theſe internal powers
Active, and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd, or diſarrang'd, or groſs
In ſpecies? This, nor gems, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor purple ſtate, nor culture can beſtow;
But God alone, when firſt his active hand
Imprints the ſecret byaſs of the ſoul.
He, mighty parent! wiſe and juſt in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Aſk the ſwain
Who journeys homeward from a ſummer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſunſhine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the weſtern ſky; full ſoon, I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty ſmiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
In every breaſt hath ſown theſe early ſeeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening ſuns, and genial ſhowers,
And ſhelter from the blaſt, in vain we hope
The tender plant ſhould rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt promis'd in its ſpring.
Nor yet will every ſoil with equal ſtores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend

His will, obſequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence when lightning fire
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the groun
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of ſome flowery ſtream
To ſpread his careleſs limbs amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades, and to the liſtening deer
The tale of ſlighted vows and love's diſdain
Reſound ſoft-warbling all the live-long day:
Conſenting Zephyr ſighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and ſo various are the taſtes of men.

Oh! bleſt of heaven, whom not the languid ſoi
Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes
Of ſordid wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant honour can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets, which from the ſtor
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the inliven'd ſoul! What though not al

Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;
Yet nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures and an ampler ſtate,
Indows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breaſt injoys. For him, the ſpring
Diſtils her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert

Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair inſpir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every paſſion wears
A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler proſpects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
Theſe leſſer graces, ſhe aſſumes the port
Of that eternal majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to theſe the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile cuſtom cramp her generous powers?
Would ſordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! ſhe appeals to nature, to the winds
And rowling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons: all declare
For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himſelf
Hold converſe; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the reliſh of their ſouls.

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

NO

NOTES

ON THE

THREE BOOKS

OF THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

VER. 151. *Say, why was man, &c.*] In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the ſublimeſt authors of Greece, "Thoſe god-like geniuſes," ſays Longinus, "were well aſſured, that Nature "had not intended man for a low-ſpirited or ignoble "being: but bringing us into life and the midſt of "this wide univerſe, as before a multitude aſſembled "at ſome heroic ſolemnity, that we might be ſpectators "of all her magnificence, and candidates high in

" emulation for the prize of glory; ſhe has therefore " implanted in our ſouls an inextinguiſhable love of " every thing great and exalted, of every thing which " appears divine beyond our comprehenſion. Whence " it comes to paſs, that even the whole world is not " an object ſufficient for the depth and rapidity of " human imagination, which often ſallies forth be- " yond the limits of all that ſurrounds us. Let any " man caſt his eye through the whole circle of our ex- " iſtence, and conſider how eſpecially it abounds in " excellent and grand objects; he will ſoon acknow- " ledge for what enjoyments and purſuits we were " deſtined. Thus by the very propenſity of nature " we are led to admire, not little ſprings or ſhallow " rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, " the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all, " the Ocean, &c." Dionyſ. Longin. de Sublim. § xxiv.

Ver. 202. *The empyreal waſte.*] " Ne ſe peut-il " point qu'il y a un grand eſpace au dela de la region " des etoiles? Que ſe ſoit le ciel empyrée, ou non, tou- " jours cet eſpace immenſe qui environne toute cette " region, pourra etre rempli de bonheur & de gloire. " Il pourra etre conçu comme l'ocean, où ſe rendent " les fleuves de toutes les creatures bienheureuſes, " quand elles ſeront venues à leur perfection dans le " ſyſteme des etoiles." Leibnitz dans la Theodicée, part. i. § 19.

Ver. 204. *Whoſe unfading light*, &c.] It was a no- *tion of the great Mr.* Huygens, that there may be fixed

ſtars

ſtars at ſuch a diſtance from our ſolar ſyſtem, as that their light ſhould not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Ver. 234. ——— *the neglect*
Of all familiar proſpects, &c.] It is here ſaid, that in conſequence of the love of novelty, objects which at firſt were highly delightful to the mind, loſe that effect by repeated attention to them. But the inſtance of *habit* is oppoſed to this obſervation; for *there*, objects at firſt diſtaſteful are in time rendered intirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this caſe will be removed, if we conſider, that, when objects at firſt agreeable, loſe that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly *paſſive*, and the perception *involuntary*; but habit, on the other hand, generally ſuppoſes *choice* and *activity* accompanying it: ſo that the pleaſure ariſes here not from the object, but from the mind's *conſcious* determination of its own activity; and conſequently increaſes in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will ſtill be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with diſagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to *reſolve* or *act* at all. In this caſe, the appearance muſt be accounted for, one of theſe ways.

The pleaſure from habit may be merely negative. The object at firſt gave uneaſineſs: this uneaſineſs gradually wears off as the object grows familiar: and the mind, finding it at laſt intirely removed, rec-

kons its ſituation really pleaſurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The diſlike conceived of the object at firſt, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Conſequently the mind, being neceſſitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own miſtake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with averſion. In which caſe, a ſort of inſtinctive juſtice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondneſs and attachment.

Or laſtly, though the object itſelf ſhould always continue diſagreeable, yet circumſtances of pleaſure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an aſſociation may ariſe in the mind, and the object never be remembered without thoſe pleaſing circumſtances attending it; by which means the diſagreeable impreſſion which it at firſt occaſioned will in time be quite obliterated.

Ver. 240. ——— *this deſire*
Of objects new *and* ſtrange ——] Theſe two ideas are often confounded; though it is evident the mere *novelty* of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the leaſt degree of *wonder*: whereas *wonder* indeed always implies *novelty*, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleaſure in both caſes is explicable from the ſame final cauſe, the acquiſition of knowledge and inlargement of our views of nature: on this account, it is natural to treat of them together.

Ver.

Ver. 374. ——— *Truth and good are one,*
And beauty dwells in them, &c.] "Do "you imagine," ſays Socrates to Ariſtippus, "that "what is good is not beautiful? Have you not ob- "ſerved that theſe appearances always coincide? "Virtue, for inſtance, in the ſame reſpect as to which "we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beau- "tiful alſo. In the characters of men we always* "join the two denominations together. The beauty of "human bodies correſponds, in like manner, with "that œconomy of parts which conſtitutes them good; "and in every circumſtance of life, the ſame object "is conſtantly accounted both beautiful and good, "inaſmuch as it anſwers the purpoſes for which it "was deſigned." Xenophont. Memorab. Socrat. l. iii. c. 8.

This excellent obſervation has been illuſtrated and extended by the noble reſtorer of ancient philoſophy; *ſee the Characteriſticks*, vol. ii. p. 339 and 422, and vol. iii. p. 181. And another ingenious author has particularly ſhewn, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the ſciences. *Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue*, Treat. i. § 8. As to the connection between *beauty* and *truth*, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philoſophers aſſert an independent and invariable law in nature, in conſequence of which "all rational beings muſt alike perceive beauty in

* *This the Athenians did in a particular manner, by the word* καλοκαγαθὸς, καλοκαγαθία.

" ſome certain proportions, and deformity in the con-
" trary." And this neceſſity being ſuppoſed the ſame with that which commands the aſſent or diſſent of the underſtanding, it follows of courſe that *beauty* is founded on the univerſal and unchangeable law of *truth*.

But others there are, who believe *beauty* to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent proviſion in nature to annex ſo delightful a ſenſation to thoſe objects which are *beſt and moſt perfect in themſelves*, that ſo we might be engaged to the choice of them at once and without ſtaying to infer their *uſefulneſs* from their ſtructure and effects; but that it is not impoſſible, in a phyſical ſenſe, that two beings, of equal capacities for *truth*, ſhould perceive, one of them *beauty*, and the other *deformity*, in the ſame proportions. And upon this ſuppoſition, by that *truth* which is always connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to thoſe proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that ſpecies is found to depend. Polycletus, for inſtance, a famous ancient ſculptor, from an accurate menſuration of the ſeveral parts of the moſt perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or ſyſtem of proportions, which was the rule of all ſucceeding artiſts. Suppoſe a ſtatue modeled according to this: a man of mere natural taſte, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confeſſes and admires its *beauty*; whereas a profeſſor of the art applies his meaſures to the head, the neck, or the hand,

and,

, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the kmanſhip to be *juſt* and *true*.

Ver. 492. *As when Brutus roſe*, &c.] Cicero him- deſcribes this fact — " Cæſare interfecto — ſtatim ruentum altè extollens M. Brutus pugionem, Ci- eronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recupera- am libertatem eſt gratulatus." Cic. Philipp. ii. 12.

Ver. 548. *Where virtue riſing from the awful depth*
Of truth's myſterious boſom, &c.] Accord- to the opinion of thoſe who aſſert *moral obligation* e founded on an immutable and univerſal law; and t which is uſually called the *moral ſenſe*, to be de- mined by the peculiar temper of the imagination and earlieſt aſſociations of ideas.

Ver. 591. *Lycéum.*] The ſchool of Ariſtotle.

Ver. 592. *Academus.*] The ſchool of Plato.

Ver. 594. *Ilyſſus.*] One of the rivers on which Athens s ſituated. Plato, in ſome of his fineſt dialogues, s the ſcene of the converſation with Socrates on its nks.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

Ver. 19. *At laſt the Muſes roſe*, &c.] About the e of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French ngs, the poets of Provence were in high reputation; ſort of ſtrolling bards or rhapſodiſts, who went out the courts of princes and noblemen, entertain- ; them at feſtivals with muſic and poetry. They attempted

attempted both the epic, ode, and ſatire; and abounded in a wild and fantaſtic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. Theſe were the rudiments of Italian poetry. But their taſte and compoſition muſt have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by thoſe who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; ſuch as Boiardo, Bernardo, Taſſo, Arioſto, &c.

Ver. 21. *Valcluſa.*] The famous retreat of Franciſco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his miſtreſs Laura, a lady of Avignon.

Ver. 22. *Arno.*] The river which runs by Florence, the birth-place of Dante and Boccacio.

Ver. 23. *Parthenope.*] Or Naples, the birth-place of Sannazaro. The great Torquato Taſſo was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples.

Ibid. —— *the rage*
Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. Theſe at laſt, in conjunction with the Papal power, intirely extinguiſhed the ſpirit of liberty in that country, and eſtabliſhed that abuſe of the fine arts which has been ſince propagated over all Europe.

Ver. 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts*, &c.] Nor were they only loſers by the ſeparation. For philoſophy itſelf, to uſe the words of a noble philoſopher, " being thus ſevered by the ſprightly arts " and ſciences, muſt conſequently grow droniſh, in- " ſipid, pedantic, uſeleſs, and directly oppoſite to the " real

" real knowledge and practice of the world." Inſo-
" much that " a Gentleman," ſays another excellent
writer, " cannot eaſily bring himſelf to like ſo auſtere
" and ungainly a form: ſo greatly is it changed from
" what was once the delight of the fineſt Gentlemen
" of antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry
" of public affairs!" From this condition it cannot
be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works
of imagination; and we have had the pleaſure of obſerv-
ing a very great progreſs made towards their union in
England within theſe few years. It is hardly poſſible to
conceive them at a greater diſtance from each other than
at the Revolution, when Locke ſtood at the head of
one party, and Dryden of the other. But the general
ſpirit of liberty, which has ever ſince been growing,
naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve
that influence which the arts of perſuaſion gave them with
the people, by applying them to ſubjects of importance
to ſociety. Thus poetry and eloquence became con-
ſiderable; and philoſophy is now of courſe obliged to
borrow of their embelliſhments, in order even to gain
audience with the public.

Ver. 157. *From Paſſion's power alone*, &c.] This very myſterious kind of pleaſure, which is often found in the exerciſe of paſſions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by ſeveral authors. Lucretius reſolves it into ſelf-love:

" Suave Mari magno," &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleaſed in being moved at the diſtreſs of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that

though

though theſe fictitious perſonages were ſo unhap
he himſelf was perfectly at eaſe and in ſafety.
ingenious author of the *Reflections critiques ſur l*
& ſur la peinture, accounts for it by the gene
light which the mind takes in its own activity, a
abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentiv
and this, joined with the moral approbation of
temper, which attends theſe emotions when
and juſt, is certainly the true foundation of the pl
which, as it is the origin and baſis of tragedy an
deſerved a very particular conſideration in this p

Ver. 304. *Inhabitant of earth*, &c.] The a
of the œconomy of Providence here introduced,
moſt proper to calm and ſatisfy the mind when
the compunction of private evils, ſeems to have co
ginally from the Pythagorean ſchool: but of the
philoſophers, Plato has moſt largely inſiſted u
has eſtabliſhed it with all the ſtrength of his cap
underſtanding, and ennobled it with all the m
cence of his divine imagination. He has one
ſo full and clear on this head, that I am perſuad
reader will be pleaſed to ſee it here, though ſom
long. Addreſſing himſelf to ſuch as are not ſa
concerning Divine Providence: "The Being wh
"ſides over the whole," ſays he, "has diſpoſe
"complicated all things for the happineſs and
"of the whole, every part of which, according
"extent of its influence, does and ſuffers what
"and proper. One of theſe parts is yours, O un
"*man*, which though in itſelf moſt inconſiderab

"y

" minute, yet being connected with the univerſe, ever
" ſeeks to co-operate with that ſupreme order. You
" in the mean time are ignorant of the very end for
" which all particular natures are brought into exiſt-
" ence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole
" may be perfect and happy; exiſting as it does, not
" for your ſake, but the cauſe and reaſon of your ex-
" iſtence, which, as in the ſymmetry of every artificial
" work, muſt of neceſſity concur with the general de-
" ſign of the artiſt, and be ſubſervient to the whole of
" which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is
" ignorant and groundleſs; ſince, according to the
" various energy of creation, and the common laws
" of nature, there is a conſtant proviſion of that which
" is beſt at the ſame time for you and for the whole.—
" For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all
" the actions of animated and ſelf-moving creatures,
" and that mixture of good and evil which diverſifies
" them, conſidered firſt of all by what diſpoſition of
" things, and by what ſituation of each individual in
" the general ſyſtem, vice might be depreſſed and ſub-
" dued, and virtue made ſecure of victory and happi-
" neſs, with the greateſt facility, and in the higheſt de-
" gree poſſible: In this manner he ordered through
" the entire circle of being, the internal conſtitution
" of every mind, where ſhould be its ſtation in the
" univerſal fabric, and through what variety of cir-
" cumſtances it ſhould proceed in the whole tenour of
" its exiſtence." He goes on in his ſublime manner
to aſſert a future ſtate of retribution, " as well for thoſe

" who,

" who, by the exerciſe of good diſpoſitions being ha
" monized and aſſimilated into the divine virtue, a
" conſequently removed to a place of unblemiſhe
" ſanctity and happineſs; as of thoſe who by the mo
" flagitious arts have riſen from contemptible begi
" nings to the greateſt affluence and power, and who
" you therefore look upon as unanſwerable inſtanc
" of negligence in the gods, becauſe you are ign
" rant of the purpoſes to which they are ſubſervien
" and in what manner they contribute to that ſuprem
" intention of good to the whole." Plato de Le
x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, eſpecially abroad, in a manner which ſubverts the freedom c human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful t preſerve it, and has been in that reſpect imitated by th beſt of his followers.

Ver. 321. —— *one might riſe,*
One order, &c.] See the Meditation: of Antoninus, and the Characteriſtics, paſſim.

Ver. 355. *The beſt and faireſt*, &c.] This opinio is ſo old, that Timæus Locrus calls the Supreme Bein δημιουργὸς τῶ βελτίονος, " the artificer of that which i " beſt;" and repreſents him as reſolving in the begin ning to produce the moſt excellent work, and as copy ing the world moſt exactly from his own intelligibl and eſſential idea; " ſo that it yet remains, as it wa " at firſt, perfect in beauty, and will never ſtand i " need of any correction or improvement." Ther can be no room for a caution here, to underſtand th expreſſion

expreſſions, not of any particular circumſtances of human life ſeparately conſidered, but of the ſame or univerſal ſyſtem of life and being. See alſo the vision at the end of the Theodicée of Leibnitz.

Ver. 350. *As flame aſcends*, &c.] This opinion, though not held by Plato nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural conſequence of his principles. But the diſquiſition is too complex and extenſive to be entered upon here.

Ver. 755. *Philip.*] The Macedonian.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Ver. 18. —— *where the powers*
Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life, is one of the moſt important points in moral philoſophy. It were eaſy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almoſt all the paſſions, and mixes with almoſt every circumſtance of action or pleaſure. Let any man, even of the coldeſt head and ſobereſt induſtry, analyſe the idea of what he calls his intereſt; he will find that it conſiſts chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variouſly combined into one ſyſtem, the idol which he ſeeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and ſelf-denial. It is on this account of the laſt conſequence to regulate theſe images by the ſtandard of nature and the general good; otherwiſe the imagination, by heightening ſome objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by repreſenting others in a more

odious or terrible ſhape than they deſerve, may of courſe engage us in purſuits utterly inconſiſtent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected that this account of things ſuppoſes the paſſions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in ſome a natural and hereditary diſpoſition to certain paſſions prior to all circumſtances of education or fortune; it may be anſwered, that though no man is born *ambitious* or a *miſer*, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which ſhall render his imagination more liable to be ſtruck with ſome particular objects, conſequently diſpoſe him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain paſſions of a particular turn. Some men, for inſtance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vaſt and magnificent, others on the contrary with the elegant and gentle aſpects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the diſpoſition of the moral powers is always ſimilar to this of the imagination; that thoſe who are moſt inclined to admire prodigious and ſublime objects in the phyſical world, are alſo moſt inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While thoſe who are charmed rather with the *delicacy* and *ſweetneſs* of colours, and forms, and ſounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the ſofter ſcenes of virtue and the ſympathies of a domeſtic life. And this is ſufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philoſophers though we have ſeveral hints concerning this influence of the imagination

upon morals among the remains of the Socratic ſchool, yet the Stoics were the firſt who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impoſſible to preſerve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inſpecting thoſe pictures or appearances of things, which the imagination offers to the mind (Diog. Laërt. l. vii.) The meditations of M. Aurelius, and the diſcourſes of Epictetus, are full of the ſame ſentiment; inſomuch that the latter makes the Χρῆσις οἵα, δεῖ φαντασιῶν, or "right management of the fancies," the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than ſtupid or frantic. Arrian. l. i. c. 12. & l. ii. c. 22. See alſo the Characteriſtics, vol. i. from p. 313, to 321, where this Stoical doctrine is embelliſhed with all the elegance and graces of Plato.

Ver. 75.—*how folly's aukward arts*, &c.] Notwithſtanding the general influence of *ridicule* on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the ſciences, it has been almoſt conſtantly neglected or miſrepreſented, by divines eſpecially. The mannner of treating theſe ſubjects in the ſcience of human nature, ſhould be preciſely the ſame as in natural philoſophy; from particular facts to inveſtigate the ſtated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus diſcovered, to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of uſeful arts.

Ver. 84. *Behold the foremoſt band*, &c.] The firſt and moſt general ſource of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity, *or ſelf-applauſe* for ſome deſirable

quality or poſſeſſion which evidently does not belong to thoſe who aſſume it.

Ver. 121. *Then comes the ſecond order*, &c.] Ridicule from the ſame vanity, where, though the poſſeſſion be real, yet no merit can ariſe from it, becauſe of ſome particular circumſtances, which, though obvious to the ſpectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

Ver. 152. *Another tribe ſucceeds*, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects diſproportioned to their intrinſic value, and inconſiſtent with the order of nature.

Ver. 191. *But now, ye gay*, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence, when the object is abſolutely odious or contemptible. This is the higheſt degree of the ridiculous; as in the affectation of diſeaſes or vices.

Ver. 207. *Thus far triumphant*, &c.] Ridicule from falſe ſhame or groundleſs fear.

Ver. 228. *Laſt of the*, &c.] Ridicule from the ignorance of ſuch things as our circumſtances require us to know.

Ver. 248.—*Suffice it to have ſaid*, &c.] By comparing theſe general ſources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it, equally applicable to every ſpecies. The moſt important circumſtance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to; but others more minute we ſhall ſubjoin here. Ariſtotle's account of the matter ſeems both imperfect and falſe; τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον, ſays he, ἐστὶν ἁμάρτημά τι καὶ αἶσχος,

ἀνώδυνόν τι καὶ ἀβλαβές: "the ridiculous is ſome cer-
"tain fault or turpitude without pain, and not de-
"ſtructive to its ſubject." (Poët. c. 5.) For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many inſtances of ſuch a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not diſtinguiſh the thing deſigned. Nay farther; even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the deſtruction of its ſubject, we may ſtill be ſenſible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener ſenſations of pity or terror baniſh the ludicrous apprehenſion from our minds. For the ſenſation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or diſagreement of ideas; but a paſſion or emotion of the mind conſequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or diſagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, becauſe it is engroſſed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that ſome men think thoſe objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name; becauſe in them they excite a much intenſer and more important feeling. And this difference, among other cauſes, has brought a good deal of confuſion into this queſtion.

"That which makes objects ridiculous, is ſome
"ground of admiration or eſteem connected with other
"more general circumſtances comparatively worthleſs
"or deformed; or it is ſome circumſtance of turpi-
"tude *or deformity* connected with what is in general

" excellent or beautiful: the inconſiſtent properties " exiſting either in the objects themſelves, or in the " aprehenſion of the perſon to whom they relate; be- " longing always to the ſame order or claſs of being; " imply ſentiment or deſign; and exciting no acute or " vehement emotion of the heart."

To prove the ſeveral parts of this definition: " The " appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a " general condition comparatively ſordid or deformed," is ridiculous: for inſtance, pompous pretenſions of wiſdom joined with ignorance or folly in the Socrates of Ariſtophanes; and the oſtentations of military glory with cowardice and ſtupidity in the Thraſo of Terence.

" The appearance of deformity or turpitude in con- " junction with what is in general excellent or vene- " rable," is alſo ridiculous: for inſtance, the perſonal weakneſſes of a magiſtrate appearing in the ſolemn and public functions of his ſtation.

" The incongruous properties may either exiſt in the " objects themſelves, or in apprehenſion of the perſon " to whom they relate:" in the laſt-mentioned in- ſtance, they both exiſt in the objects; in the inſtances from Ariſtophanes and Terence, one of them is ob- jective and real, the other only founded in the appre- henſion of the ridiculous character.

" The inconſiſtent properties muſt belong to the ſame " order or claſs of being." A coxcomb in fine cloaths, bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object; becauſe his general apprehenſion of excellence *and eſteem* is referred to the ſplendour and expence of

his

his dreſs. A man of ſenſe and merit, in the ſame circumſtances, is not counted ridiculous: becauſe the general ground of excellence and eſteem in him is, both in fact and in his own apprehenſion, of a very different ſpecies.

"Every ridiculous object implies ſentiment or de-
"ſign." A column placed by an architect without a capital or baſe, is laughed at: the ſame column in a ruin cauſes a very different ſenſation.

And laſtly, "the occurrence muſt excite no acute or "vehement emotion of the heart," ſuch as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that caſe, as was obſerved above, the mind is not at leiſure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this deſcription, and whether it comprehend every ſpecies and form of the ridiculous, muſt be determined by repeated applications of it to particular inſtances.

Ver. 259. *Aſk we for what fair end*, &c.] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a *natural* ſenſe or feeling of the ridiculous, and ſince ſo good a reaſon may be aſſigned to juſtify the Supreme Being for beſtowing it; one cannot without aſtoniſhment reflect on the conduct of thoſe men who imagine it is for the ſervice of true religion to vilify and blacken it without diſtinction, and endeavour to perſuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cauſe. Ridicule is not concerned with mere ſpeculative truth or falſehood. It is not in abſtract propoſitions or theorems, but in actions and paſſions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all theſe

terms are *relative*, implying approbation or blame. To aſk them whether *ridicule be a teſt of truth*, is, in other words, to aſk whether that which is ridiculous can be *morally true*, can be juſt and becoming; or whether that which is juſt and becoming, can be ridiculous. A queſtion that does not deſerve a ſerious anſwer. For it is moſt evident, that, as in a metaphyſical propoſition offered to the underſtanding for its aſſent, the faculty of reaſon examines the terms of the propoſition, and finding one idea, which was ſuppoſed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of conſequence rejects the propoſition as a falſehood; ſo, in objects offered to the mind for its eſteem or applauſe, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we obſerve ſuch a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconſiſtent circumſtances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our buſineſs, if the matter be of importance to ſociety, to drag out thoſe latent circumſtances, and, by ſetting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the *moral falſehood* ſooner than in the way of ſpeculative inquiry, and impreſs the minds of men with a ſtronger ſenſe of the vanity and error of its authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is ſaid, the practice is dangerous, and may *be inconſiſtent* with the regard we owe to objects of real *dignity* and excellence. I anſwer, the practice fairly

managed

managed can never be dangerous; men may be diſhoneſt in obtruding circumſtances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing thoſe circumſtances to impoſe upon us: but the ſenſe of ridicule always judges right. The Socrates of Ariſtophanes is as *truly* ridiculous a character as ever was drawn:— True; but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moraliſt and father of antient wiſdom. What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philoſopher from detecting and diſclaiming thoſe foreign circumſtances which he had falſely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the ſatiriſt doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheleſs had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And ſo has the reaſoning of Spinoza made many atheiſts: he has founded it indeed on ſuppoſitions utterly falſe; but allow him theſe, and his concluſions are unavoidably true. And if we muſt reject the uſe of ridicule, becauſe, by the impoſition of falſe circumſtances, things may be made to ſeem ridiculous, which are not ſo in themſelves; why we ought not in the ſame manner to reject the uſe of reaſon, becauſe, by proceeding on falſe principles, concluſions will appear true which are impoſſible in nature, let the vehement and obſtinate declaimers againſt ridicule determine.

Ver. 285. *The inexpreſſive ſemblance*, &c.] This ſimilitude is the foundation of almoſt all the ornaments of poetic diction.

Ver. 326. *Two faithful needles*, &c.] See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo in the character of *Lucretius*; Strada Proluſ. vi. Academ. 2. c. 1.

Ver. 348. *By theſe myſterious ties*, &c.] The act of remembering ſeems almoſt wholly to depend on the aſſociation of ideas.

Ver. 411. *Into its proper vehicle*, &c.] This relates to the different ſorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artiſts are rendered palpable to the ſenſes; as by ſounds, in muſic: by lines and ſhadows, in painting; by diction in poetry, &c.

Ver. 547. ——*One purſues*
The vaſt alone, &c.] See the note to ver. 18. of this book.

Ver. 558. *Waller longs*, &c.]

"O! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
"Under the plantane ſhade; and all the day
"With amorous airs my fancy entertain, &c."
Waller, Battle of the Summer-Iſlands, Canto I.

And again,

"While in the park I ſing, the liſtening deer
"Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear, &c."
At Pens-hurſt.

Ver. 593.—*Not a breeze*, &c.] That this account may not appear rather potically extravagant than juſt in philoſophy, it may be proper to produce the ſentiment of one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of men on this head; one ſo little to be ſuſpected of partiality in the caſe, that he reckons it among thoſe favours for which he was eſpecially thankful to the gods, that they had not ſuffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, leſt by that means *he ſhould have* been diverted from purſuits of more importance

importance to his high ſtation. Speaking of the beauty of univerſal nature, he obſerves, that "there is a "pleaſing and graceful aſpect in every object we per-"ceive," when once we conſider its connection with that general order. He inſtances in many things which at firſt ſight would be thought rather deformities; and then adds, "that a man who enjoys a ſenſibility of "temper with a juſt comprehenſion of the univerſal "order—will diſcern many amiable things, not cre-"dible to every mind, but to thoſe alone who have "entered into an honourable familiarity with nature "and her works." M. Antonin. iii. 2.

THE

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION: A POEM.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT.

THE pleaſures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flouriſhing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm ſea by moon-light; or from works of art, ſuch as a noble edifice, a muſical tune, a ſtatue, a picture, a poem. In treating of theſe pleaſures, we muſt begin with the former claſs; they being original to the other; and nothing more being neceſſary, in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatneſs and beauty, and of thoſe appearances, in the world around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the ſubject of the firſt book of the following poem.

But the pleaſures which we receive from the elegant arts, from muſic, ſculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (beſides greatneſs and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent repreſentations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumſtances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other paſſions. Theſe moral and intellectual objects are deſcribed in the ſecond book; to which the third properly belongs as an epiſode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned cauſes of pleaſure, which are univerſal in the courſe of human life and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin: ſuch are the novelty of objects, the aſſociation of ideas, affections of the bodily ſenſes, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illuſtrate theſe, and form the whole to determine the character of a perfect taſte, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleaſures of the imagination belong to the human ſpecies in general. But there are certain particular men whoſe imagination is endowed with powers, and ſuſceptible of pleaſures, which the generality of mankind never participate, theſe are the men of genius, deſtined by nature to excell in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is propoſed therefore, in the laſt place, to delineate that genius which in ſome degree appears common to them all; yet with a more peculiar conſideration of poetry: inaſmuch as poetry is the moſt extenſive of thoſe arts, the moſt philoſophical, and the moſt uſeful.

THE

THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MDCCLVII.

THE ſubject propoſed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being, the exemplars of all things. The variety of conſtitution in the minds of men; with its final cauſe. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleaſures of the human imagination proceed either from greatneſs or beauty in external objects. The pleaſure from greatneſs; with its final cauſe. The natural connection of beauty with * truth and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the divine

* Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular ſenſe, or for what has been called the truth of things; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper eſtimate or judgment *concerning them.*

divine mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The ſubordination of local beauties to the beauty of the univerſe. Concluſion.

WITH what inchantment nature's goodly ſcene
Attracts the ſenſe of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler ſtill
Prepare; how men by various leſſons learn
To judge of beauty's praiſe; what raptures fill
The breaſt with fancy's native arts indow'd
And what true culture guides it to renown;
My verſe unfolds. Ye gods, or godlike powers,
Ye guardians of the ſacred taſk, attend
Propitious. Hand in hand around your bard
Move in majeſtic meaſures, leading on
His doubtful ſtep through many a ſolemn path
Conſcious of ſecrets which to human ſight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him:
And let your favor make him wiſe to ſpeak
Of all your wondrous empire; with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that thoſe, who hear,
May yield perpetual homage to yourſelves.
Thou chief, O daughter of eternal Love,
Whate'er thy name; or Muſe, or Grace, ador'd
By Grecian prophets; to the ſons of heaven
Known, while with deep amazement thou doſt there
The perfect counſels read, the ideas old,

Of

Of thine omniſcient father; known on earth
By the ſtill horror and the blifsful tear
With which thou ſeizeſt on the ſoul of man;
Thou chief, Poetic Spirit, from the banks
Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
Freſh flowers and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent. And with thee
Let Fiction come; on her aërial wings
Wafting ten thouſand colors; which in ſport,
By the light glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will through countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre
Whoſe awful tones control the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony, deſcend,
And join this happy train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their myſtic rites,
Wiſe Order: and, where Order deigns to come,
Her ſiſter, Liberty, will not be far.
Be preſent all ye Genii, who conduct
Of youthful bards the lonely-wandering ſtep
New to your ſprings and ſhades; who touch their ear
With finer ſounds, and heighten to their eye
The pomp of nature, and before them place
The faireſt, loftieſt countenance of things.
Nor thou, my Dyſon, to the lay refuſe
Thy wonted partial audience. What, though firſt
In years unſeaſon'd, haply ere the ſports
Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay
With many ſplendid proſpects, many charms,
Allur'd my heart, nor conſcious whence they ſprung,

Nor heedful of their end? yet ſerious truth
Her empire o'er the calm, ſequeſter'd theme
Aſſerted ſoon; while falſehood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful pleaſure, ſhe at once
Excluded, and my fancy's careleſs toil
Drew to the better cauſe. Maturer aid
Thy friendſhip added, in the paths of life,
The buſy paths, my unaccuſtom'd feet
Preſerving: nor to truth's receſs divine,
Through this wide argument's unbeaten ſpace,
Withholding ſurer guidance; while by turns
We trac'd the ſages old, or while the queen
Of ſciences (whom manners and the mind
Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice
Not unattentive, o'er the wintery lamp
Inclin'd her ſceptre, favoring. Now the fates
Have other taſks impos'd. To thee, my friend,
The miniſtry of freedom and the faith
Of popular decrees, in early youth,
Not vainly they committed. Me they ſent
To wait on pain; and ſilent arts to urge,
Inglorious: not ignoble; if my cares,
To ſuch as languiſh on a grievous bed,
Eaſe and the ſweet forgetfulneſs of ill
Conciliate: nor delightleſs; if the Muſe,
Her ſhades to viſit and to taſte her ſprings,
If ſome diſtinguiſh'd hours the bounteous Muſe
Impart, and grant (what ſhe and ſhe alone
Can grant to mortals) that my hand thoſe wreaths
Of fame and honeſt favor, which the bleſs'd

Wear in Elyſium, and which never felt
The breath of envy or malignant tongues,
That theſe my hand for thee and for myſelf
May gather. Meanwhile, O my faithful friend,
O early choſen, ever found the ſame,
And truſted and belov'd; once more the verſe
Long deſtin'd, always obvious to thine ear,
Attend, indulgent. So in lateſt years,
When time thy head with honors ſhall have cloath'd
Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of ſeaſons paſt,
Fair offices of friendſhip or kind peace,
Or public zeal, may then thy mind well-pleas'd
Recall theſe happy ſtudies of our prime.

From heaven my ſtrains begin. From heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the choſen breaſt,
And beauty with poetic wonder join'd,
And inſpiration. Ere the riſing ſun
Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon her ſilver lamp ſuſpended: ere
The vales with ſprings were water'd, or with groves
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd;
Then the great ſpirit, whom his works adore,
Within his own deep eſſence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things:
The radiant ſun; the moon's nocturnal lamp;
The mountains and the ſtreams; the ample ſtores
Of earth, of heaven, of nature. From the firſt,
On that full ſcene his love divine he fix'd
His admiration. Till, in time complete,

What he admir'd and lov'd his vital power
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame:
Hence the green earth, and wild-reſounding waves:
Hence light and ſhade, alternate; warmth and cold;
And bright autumnal ſkies, and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For while the claims
Of ſocial life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wiſeſt care
Hath nature on the multitude of minds
Impreſs'd a various bias; and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heaven. To ſome ſhe gave
To ſearch the ſtory of eternal thought;
Of ſpace, and time; of fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement. Others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein
Of herbs or trees. But ſome to nobler hopes
Were deſtin'd: ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire Omnipotent unfolds,
In fuller aſpects and with fairer lights,
This picture of the world. Through every part
They trace the lofty ſketches of his hand:
In earth, or air, the meadow's flowery ſtore,

The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
Dreſs'd in attractive ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait ſcan)
Thoſe lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel their force,
Inamor'd: they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmoſt frame ſent forth
Spontaneous muſic; ſo doth nature's hand,
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of thoſe kindred powers
(Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of ſound
Melodious, or of motion aptly ſped)
Detains the enliven'd ſenſe; till ſoon the ſoul
Feels the deep concord, and aſſents through all
Her functions. Then the charm by fate prepar'd
Diffuſeth its inchantment. Fancy dreams,
Rapt into high diſcourſe with prophets old,
And wandering through Elyſium, fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains, of o'erſhadowing groves,
Whoſe walks with godlike harmony reſound:
Fountains, which Homer viſits; happy groves,
Where Milton dwells. The intellectual power,
On the mind's throne, ſuſpends his graver cares,
And ſmiles. The paſſions, to divine repoſe,
Perſuaded yield: and love and joy alone
Are waking: love and joy, ſuch as await
An angel's meditation. O! attend,

Whoe'er thou art whom theſe delights can touch;
Whom nature's aſpect, nature's ſimple garb,
Can thus command; O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her bliſsful walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient ſtore,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected ſcenes,
With love and admiration thus inſpire
Attentive fancy, her delighted ſons
In two illuſtrious orders comprehend,
Self-taught. From him whoſe ruſtic toil the lark
Cheers warbling, to the bard whoſe daring thoughts
Range the full orb of being, ſtill the form,
Which fancy worſhips, or ſublime or fair
Her votaries proclaim. I ſee them dawn:
I ſee the radiant viſions where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why impower'd
Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might ſend him forth,
In ſight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre to join
In conteſt with his equals, who ſhall beſt
The taſk atchieve, the courſe of noble toils,
By wiſdom and by mercy preordain'd?

Might

Might ſend him forth the foremoſt good to learn;
To chace each meaner purpoſe from his breaſt;
And through the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And through the pelting ſtorms of chance and pain,
To hold ſtrait on with conſtant heart and eye
Still fix'd upon his everlaſting palm,
The approving ſmile of heaven? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That ſeeks from day to day ſublimer ends;
Happy, though reſtleſs? Why departs the ſoul
Wide from the track and journey of her times,
To graſp the good ſhe knows not? in the field
Of things which may be, in the ſpacious field
Of ſcience, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
To raiſe up ſcenes in which her own deſires
Contented may repoſe; when things, which are,
Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale:
Her temper, ſtill demanding to be free;
Spurning the rude control of wilful might;
Proud of her dangers brav'd, her griefs endur'd,
Her ſtrength ſeverely prov'd? To theſe high aims,
Which reaſon and affection prompt in man,
Not adverſe nor unapt hath nature fram'd
His bold imagination. For, amid
The various forms which this full world preſents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breaſt
E'er doubts, before the tranſient and minute,
To prize the vaſt, the ſtable, the ſublime?
Who, that from heights aërial fonds his eye
Around a wild horizon, and ſurveys

Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
Through mountains, plains, through ſpacious cities old,
And regions dark with woods; will turn away
To mark the path of ſome penurious rill
Which murmureth at his feet? Where does the ſoul
Conſent her ſoaring fancy to reſtrain,
Which bears her up, as on an eagle's wings,
Deſtin'd for higheſt heaven; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers ſhall confine her flight
To any humbler quarry? The rich earth
Cannot detain her; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy
She hovers o'er the ſun, and views the ſmall
Attendant orbs, beneath his ſacred beam,
Emerging from the deep, like cluſter'd iſles
Whoſe rocky ſhores to the glad ſailor's eye
Reflect the gleams of morning: for a while
With pride ſhe ſees his firm, paternal ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year. But ſoon ſhe quits
That proſpect: meditating loftier views,
She darts adventurous up the long career
Of comets; through the conſtellations holds
Her courſe, and now looks back on all the ſtars
Whoſe blended flames as with a milky ſtream
Part the blue region. Empyréan tracts,
Where happy ſouls beyond this concave heaven
Abide, ſhe then explores, whence purer light
For countleſs ages travels through the abyſs
Nor hath in ſight of mortals yet arriv'd.

Upon

Upon the wide creation's utmoſt ſhore
At length ſhe ſtands, and the dread ſpace beyond
Contemplates, half-recoiling: nathleſs down
The gloomy void, aſtoniſh'd, yet unquell'd,
She plungeth; down the unfathomable gulph
Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For, from the birth
Of human kind, the Sovran Maker ſaid
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echos of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flowery lap,
The ſoul ſhould find contentment; but, from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Through nature's opening walks inlarge her aim,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection fill the ſcene.
But lo, where beauty, dreſs'd in gentler pomp,
With comely ſteps advancing, claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire. O beauty, ſource of praiſe,
Of honour, even to mute and lifeleſs things;
O thou that kindleſt in each human heart
Love, and the wiſh of poets, when their tongue
Would teach to other boſoms what ſo charms
Their own; O child of nature and the ſoul,
In happieſt hour brought forth; the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly I account, in which to clothe
Thy form divine. For thee the mind alone
Beholds; nor half thy brightneſs can reveal
Through thoſe dim organs, whoſe corporeal touch

O'erſhadoweth thy pure eſſence. Yet, my Muſe,
If fortune call thee to the taſk, wait thou
Thy favorable ſeaſons: then, while fear
And doubt are abſent, through wide nature's bounds
Expatiate with glad ſtep, and chooſe at will
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To manifeſt unblemiſh'd beauty's praiſe,
And o'er the breaſts of mortals to extend
Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the iſles
Atlantic, to the rich Heſperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn; and look on,
And learn from him; while, as he roves around,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches bloom with gold; where'er his foot
Imprints the ſoil, the ripening cluſters ſwell,
Turning aſide their foliage, and come forth
In purple lights, till every hillock grows
As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou that Theſſalian landſcape trace,
Where flow Penéus his clear glaſſy tide
Draws ſmooth along, between the winding cliffs
Of Oſſa and the pathleſs woods unſhorn
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the ſtream,
Look how the mountains with their double range
Imbrace the vale of Tempe; from each ſide
Aſcending ſteep to heaven, a rocky mound
Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python ſlain.
Fair Tempe! on whoſe primroſe banks the morn

Awoke

Awoke moſt fragrant, and the noon repos'd
In pomp of lights and ſhadows moſt ſublime:
Whoſe lawns, whoſe glades, ere human footſteps yet
Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
Of ſylvan powers immortal: where they ſate
Oft in the golden age, the Nymphs and Fauns,
Beneath ſome arbor branching o'er the flood,
And learning round hung on the inſtructive lips
Of hoary Pan, or o'er ſome open dale
Danc'd in light meaſures to his ſevenfold pipe,
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
Flung ſhowers of painted bloſſoms, fertile dews,
And one perpetual ſpring. But if our taſk
More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
Then let us haſten to the rural haunt
Where young Meliſſa dwells. Nor thou refuſe
The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat,
But hither, gentle maid, thy footſteps turn:
Here, to thy own unqueſtionable theme,
O fair, O graceful, bend thy poliſh'd brow,
Aſſenting; and the gladneſs of thy eyes
Impart to me, like morning's wiſhed light
Seen through the vernal air. By yonder ſtream,
Where beech and elm along the bordering mead
Send forth wild melody from every bough,
Together let us wander; where the hills
Cover'd with fleeces to the lowing vale
Reply; where tidings of content and peace
Each echo brings. Lo, how the weſtern ſun
O'er *fields and floods*, o'er every living ſoul,

Diffuſeth glad repoſe! There while I ſpeak
Of beauty's honors, thou, Meliſſa, thou
Shalt hearken, not unconſcious. While I tell
How firſt from heaven ſhe came: how after all
The works of life, the elemental ſcenes,
The hours, the ſeaſons, ſhe had oft explor'd,
At length her favorite manſion and her throne
She fix'd in woman's form: what pleaſing ties
To virtue bind her; what effectual aid
They lend each other's power; and how divine
Their union, ſhould ſome ambitious maid,
To all the inchantment of the Idalian queen,
Add ſanctity and wiſdom: while my tongue
Prolongs the tale, Meliſſa, thou may'ſt feign
To wonder whence my rapture is inſpir'd;
But ſoon the ſmile which dawns upon thy lip
Shall tell it, and the tenderer bloom o'er all
That ſoft cheek ſpringing to the marble neck,
Which bends aſide in vain, revealing more
What it would thus keep ſilent, and in vain
The ſenſe of praiſe diſſembling. Then my ſong
Great nature's winning arts, which thus inform
With joy and love the rugged breaſt of man,
Should ſound in numbers worthy of ſuch a theme:
While all whoſe ſouls have ever felt the force
Of thoſe inchanting paſſions, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, and receive once more
Their influence, unobſcur'd by any cloud
Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand
Of fortune can beſtow: nor, to confirm

Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let hope,
That kindlieſt inmate of the youthful breaſt,
Be hence appall'd; be turn'd to coward ſloth
Sitting in ſilence, with dejected eyes
Incurious and with folded hands. Far leſs
Let ſcorn of wild fantaſtic folly's dreams
Or hatred of the bigot's ſavage pride
Perſuade you e'er that beauty, or the love
Which waits on beauty, may not brook to hear
The ſacred lore of undeceitful good
And truth eternal. From the vulgar croud
Though ſuperſtition, tyranneſs abhorr'd,
The reverence due to this majeſtic pair
With threats and execration ſtill demands;
Though the tame wretch, who aſks of her the way
To their celeſtial dwelling, ſhe conſtrains
To quench or ſet at nought the lamp of God
Within his frame; through many a cheerleſs wild
Though forth ſhe leads him credulous and dark
And aw'd with dubious notion; though at length
Haply ſhe plunge him into cloiſter'd cells
And manſions unrelenting as the grave,
But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
Of midnight; there, amid the ſcreaming owl's
Dire ſong, with ſpectres or with guilty ſhades
To talk of pangs and everlaſting woe;
Yet be not ye diſmay'd. A gentler ſtar
Preſides o'er your adventure. From the bower

Where

Where Wiſdom ſate with her Athenian ſons,
Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then (for what need of cruel fear to you,
To you whom god-like love can well command?)
Then ſhould my powerful voice at once diſpel
Thoſe monkiſh horrors; ſhould in words divine
Relate how favor'd minds like you inſpir'd,
And taught their inſpiration to conduct
By ruling heaven's decree, through various walks
And proſpects various, but delightful all,
Move onward; while now myrtle groves appear,
Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods
Of empire with the curule throne, or now
The domes of contemplation and the Muſe.
Led by that hope ſublime, whoſe cloudleſs eye
Through the fair toils and ornaments of earth
Diſcerns the nobler life reſerv'd for heaven,
Favor'd alike they worſhip round the ſhrine
Where truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O! let not us
By Pleaſure's lying blandiſhments detain'd,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
O! let not us one moment pauſe to join
That choſen band. And if the gracious power,
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation grant anew
The tuneful ſpirit, then through all our paths
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre

Be

ing; whether on the roſy mead
mmer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
ry's allurement; whether firm
the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
free virtue's ſteps, and to her ſide
that ſtrong divinity of ſoul
onquers chance and fate: or on the height,
l aſſign'd her, haply to proclaim
mph; on her brow to place the crown
rrupted praiſe; through future worlds
w her interminated way,
ſs heaven's image in the heart of man.
is the worth of Beauty: ſuch her power,
eleſs, ſo rever'd. It now remains,
radation through the various ranks
g, to contemplate how her gifts
lue meaſure, watchful to attend
ɔs of riſing nature. Laſt and leaſt,
s mingling with a random blaze,
auty dwell. Then higher in the forms
left, eaſieſt meaſure; in the bounds
le, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
metry adds color: thus the pearl
n the concave of its purple bed,
inted ſhells along ſome winding ſhore
rith indented folds the glancing ſun.
s we riſe, appear the blooming tribes
clothe the fragrant earth; which draw from her
wn nutrition; which are born and die;
their ſeed, immortal: ſuch the flowers

With which young Maia pays the village-maids
That hail her natal morn; and ſuch the groves
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank,
To feed the bowl of Ariconian ſwains
Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler ſtill
Is Beauty's name where, to the full conſent
Of members and of features, to the pride
Of color, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame with piercing ſenſe is given,
While active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno: ſo the ſteed
With rival ſwiftneſs beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. What ſublimer pomp
Adorns the ſeat where Virtue dwells on earth,
And Truth's eternal day-light ſhines around;
What palm belongs to man's imperial front,
And woman powerful with becoming ſmiles,
Chief of terreſtrial natures; need we now
Strive to inculcate? Thus hath Beauty there
Her moſt conſpicuous praiſe to Matter lent,
Where moſt conſpicuous through that ſhadowy veil
Breaks forth the bright expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps directing our inraptur'd ſearch
To him, the firſt of minds; the chief; the ſole;
From whom, through this wide, complicated world,
Did all her various lineaments begin;
To whom alone, conſenting and intire,
At once their mutual influence all diſplay.
He, God moſt high (bear witneſs, earth and heaven)

The

The living fountains in himſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime. With him inthron'd
Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
In his ſupreme intelligence inthron'd,
The queen of love holds her unclouded ſtate,
Urania. Thee, O Father, this extent
Of matter; thee the ſluggiſh earth and tract
Of ſeas, the heavens and heavenly ſplendors feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great eſſence, forth didſt thou conduct
Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'ſt her dominion to erect her ſeat,
And ſanctify the manſion. All her works
Well pleas'd thou didſt behold. The gloomy fires
Of ſtorm or earthquake, and the pureſt light
Of ſummer; ſoft Campania's new-born roſe
And the ſlow weed, which pines on Ruſſian hills,
Comely alike to thy full viſion ſtand:
To thy ſurrounding viſion, which unites
All eſſences and powers of the great world
In one ſole order, fair alike they ſtand,
As features well conſenting, and alike
Requir'd by nature ere ſhe could attain
Her juſt reſemblance to the perfect ſhape
Of univerſal beauty, which with thee
Dwelt from the firſt. Thou alſo, Ancient Mind,
Whom love and free beneficence await
In all thy doings; to inferior minds,
Thy offspring, and to man, thy youngeſt ſon,
Refuſing no convenient gift nor good;

Their eyes didſt open, in this earth, yon heaven,
Thoſe ſtarry worlds, the countenance divine
Of Beauty to behold. But not to them
Didſt thou her awful magnitude reveal
Such as before thine own unbounded ſight
She ſtands (for never ſhall created ſoul
Conceive that object); nor, to all their kinds,
The ſame in ſhape or features didſt thou frame
Her image. Meaſuring well their different ſpheres
Of ſenſe and action, thy paternal hand
Hath for each race prepar'd a different teſt
Of Beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide
Moſt apt, moſt faithful. Thence inform'd, they ſcan
The objects that ſurround them; and ſelect,
Since the great whole diſclaims their ſcanty view,
Each for himſelf ſelects peculiar parts
Of nature; what the ſtandard fix'd by heaven
Within his breaſt approves: acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy: leaving, O ſupreme,
O thou whom none hath utter'd, leaving all
To thee that infinite, conſummate form,
Which the great powers, the gods around thy throne
And neareſt to thy counſels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who ſhe is,
Or what her likeneſs, know not. Man ſurveys
A narrower ſcene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his paſſive mind,
He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things

The mind of man impell with various powers,
And various features to his eye diſcloſe.
The powers which move his ſenſe with inſtant joy,
The features which attract his heart to love,
He marks, combines, repoſits. Other powers
And features of the ſelf-ſame thing (unleſs
The beauteous form, the creature of his mind,
Requeſt their cloſe alliance) he o'erlooks
Forgotten; or with ſelf-beguiling zeal,
Whene'er his paſſions mingle in the work,
Half alters, half diſowns. The tribes of men
Thus from their different functions and the ſhapes
Familiar to their eye, with art obtain,
Unconſcious of their purpoſe, yet with art
Obtain the beauty fitting man to love:
Whoſe proud deſires from nature's homely toil
Oft turn away, faſtidious: aſking ſtill
His mind's high aid, to purify the form
From matter's groſs communion; to ſecure
For ever, from the meddling hand of change
Or rude decay, her features; and to add
Whatever ornaments may ſuit her mien,
Where'er he finds them ſcatter'd through the paths
Of nature or of fortune. Then he ſeats
The accompliſh'd image deep within his breaſt,
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.
Thus the one beauty of the world intire,
The univerſal Venus, far beyond
The keeneſt effort of created eyes,
And their moſt wide horizon, dwells inthron'd.

In ancient ſilence. At her footſtool ſtands
An altar burning with eternal fire
Unſullied, unconſum'd. Here every hour,
Here every moment, in their turns arrive
Her offspring; an innumerable band
Of ſiſters, comely all; but differing far
In age, in ſtature, and expreſſive mien,
More than bright Helen from her new-born babe.
To this maternal ſhrine in turns they come,
Each with her ſacred lamp; that from the ſource
Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
Their portions of its luſtre they may draw
For days, or months, or years; for ages, ſome;
As their great parent's diſcipline requires.
Then to their ſeveral manſions they depart,
In ſtars, in planets, through the unknown ſhores
Of yon ethereal ocean. Who can tell,
Even on the ſurface of this rowling earth,
How many make abode? The fields, the groves,
The winding rivers, and the azure main,
Are render'd ſolemn by their frequent feet,
Their rites ſublime. There each her deſtin'd home
Informs with that pure radiance from the ſkies
Brought down, and ſhines throughout her little ſphere,
Exulting. Strait, as travellers by night
Turn toward a diſtant flame, ſo ſome fit eye,
Among the various tenants of the ſcene,
Diſcerns the heaven-born phantom ſeated there,
And owns her charms. Hence the wide univerſe,
Through all the ſeaſons of revolving worlds,

Bears

Bears witneſs with its people, gods and men,
To Beauty's bliſsful bower, and with the voice
Of grateful admiration ſtill reſounds:
That voice, to which is Beauty's frame divine
As is the cunning of the maſter's hand
To the ſweet accent of the well-tun'd lyre.
Genius of ancient Greece, whoſe faithful ſteps
Have led us to theſe awful ſolitudes
Of Nature and of Science; nurſe rever'd
Of generous counſels and heroic deeds;
O! let ſome portion of thy matchleſs praiſe
Dwell in my breaſt, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if amid the calm
Which Heſper ſheds along the vernal heaven,
If I, from vulgar ſuperſtition's walk,
Impatient ſteal, and from the unſeemly rites
Of ſplendid adulation, to attend
With hymns thy preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps unprofan'd.
Come, O renowned power; thy glowing mien
Such, and ſo elevated all thy form,
As when the great barbaric lord, again
And yet again diminiſh'd, hid his face
Among the herd of ſatraps and of kings;
And, at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear,
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy god-like ſires
Of civil wiſdom, thy unconquer'd youth

After ſome glorious day rejoicing round
Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet
Through fair Lycéum's walk, the olive ſhades
Of Academus, and the ſacred vale
Haunted by ſteps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living platane's ample boughs
Iliſſus, by Socratic ſounds detain'd,
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring ſteep
With beauteous Orithyía, his love-tale
In ſilent awe ſuſpended. There let me
With blameleſs hand, from thy unenvious fields,
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms, to adorn
My native clime: while, far beyond the meed
Of Fancy's toil aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of antient Wiſdom: while I add
(What cannot be disjoin'd from Beauty's praiſe)
Thy name and native dreſs, thy works belov'd
And honor'd: while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

THE

THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MDCC LXV.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the ſubject. Of truth and its three claſſes, matter of fact, experimental or ſcientifical truth, (contradiſtinguiſhed from opinion) and univerſal truth: which laſt is either metaphyſical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abſtracted. On the power of diſcerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end; a circumſtance eſſential to virtue. Of virtue, conſidered in the divine mind as a perpetual and univerſal beneficence. Of human virtue, conſidered as a ſyſtem of particular ſentiments and actions, ſuitable to the deſign of providence and the condition of man; to whom it conſtitutes the chief good and the firſt beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule: its general nature and final cauſe. Of

the

the paſſions; particularly of thoſe which relate to evil, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with pleaſure.

THUS far of beauty and the pleaſing forms
Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the ſcenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates; and views, inamour'd. Now my ſong
Severer themes demand: myſterious truth;
And virtue, ſovran good: the ſpells, the trains,
The progeny of error: the dread ſway
Of paſſion; and whatever hidden ſtores
From her own lofty deeds and from herſelf
The mind acquires. Severer argument:
Not leſs attractive; nor deſerving leſs
A conſtant ear. For what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatneſs, or pomp, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not tending to the heart, ſoon feeble grows,
As the blunt arrow 'gainſt the knotty trunk,
Their impulſe on the ſenſe: while the pall'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute; aſks in vain,
Where are the ornaments it once admir'd?
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of paſſion and of thought. The ambitious mind
With objects boundleſs as her own deſires
Can there converſe: by theſe unfading forms
Touch'd and awaken'd ſtill, with eager act

She

She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the ſcenes
Now opening round us. May the deſtin'd verſe
Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts
Obſcure and arduous! May the ſource of light,
All-preſent, all-ſufficient, guide our ſteps
Through every maze: and whom in childiſh years
From the loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth
And power, thou didſt apart ſend forth to ſpeak
In tuneful words concerning higheſt things,
Him ſtill do thou, O Father, at thoſe hours
Of penſive freedom, when the human ſoul
Shuts out the rumour of the world, him ſtill
Touch thou with ſecret leſſons: call thou back
Each erring thought; and let the yielding ſtrains
From his full boſom, like a welcome rill
Spontaneous from its healthy fountain, flow!
But from what name, what favorable ſign,
What heavenly auſpice, rather ſhall I date
My perilous excurſion, than from truth,
That neareſt inmate of the human ſoul;
Eſtrang'd from whom, the countenance divine
Of man diſfigur'd and diſhonor'd ſinks
Among inferior things? For to the brutes
Perception and the tranſient boons of ſenſe
Hath fate imparted: but to man alone
Of ſublunary beings was it given
Each fleeting impulſe on the ſenſual powers
At leiſure to review; with equal eye
To ſcan the paſſion of the ſtricken nerve

Or

Or the vague object ſtriking: to conduct
From ſenſe, the portal turbulent and loud,
Into the mind's wide palace one by one
The frequent, preſſing, fluctuating forms,
And queſtion and compare them. Thus he learns
Their birth and fortunes; how allied they haunt
The avenues of ſenſe; what laws direct
Their union; and what various diſcords riſe,
Or fix'd or caſual: which when his clear thought
Retains and when his faithful words expreſs,
That living image of the external ſcene,
As in a poliſh'd mirror held to view,
Is truth: where'er it varies from the ſhape
And hue of its exemplar, in that part
Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without
When oft the ſame ſociety of forms
In the ſame order have approach'd his mind,
He deigns no more their ſteps with curious heed
To trace; no more their features or their garb
He now examines; but of them and their
Condition, as with ſome diviner's tongue,
Affirms what heaven in every diſtant place,
Through every future ſeaſon, will decree.
This too is truth: where'er his prudent lips
Wait till experience diligent and ſlow
Has authoriz'd their ſentence, this is truth;
A ſecond, higher kind: the parent this
Of ſcience; or the lofty power herſelf,
Science herſelf: on whom the wants and cares
Of ſocial life depend; the ſubſtitute

Of

'f God's own wiſdom in this toilſome world;
he providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
o earn her aid, with fix'd and anxious eye
le looks on nature's and on fortune's courſe:
oo much in vain. His duller viſual ray
he ſtillneſs and the perſevering acts
f nature oft elude; and fortune oft
With ſtep fantaſtic from her wonted walk
urns into mazes dim. His ſight is foil'd;
nd the crude ſentence of his faltering tongue
s but opinion's verdict, half believ'd
nd prone to change. Here thou, who feel'ſt thine ear
Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone,
Pauſe, and be watchful. Hitherto the ſtores,
Which feed thy mind and exerciſe her powers,
Partake the reliſh of their native ſoil,
Their parent earth. But know, a nobler dower
Her ſire at birth decreed her; purer gifts
From his own treaſure; forms which never deign'd
In eyes or ears to dwell, within the ſenſe
Of earthly organs; but ſublime were plac'd
In his eſſential reaſon, leading there
That vaſt ideal hoſt which all his works
Through endleſs ages never will reveal.
Thus then indow'd, the feeble creature man,
The ſlave of hunger, and the prey of death,
Even now, even here, in earth's dim priſon bound,
The language of intelligence divine
Attains; repeating oft concerning one
And many, paſt and preſent, parts and whole,

Thoſe

Thoſe ſovran dictates which in fartheſt heaven,
Where no orb rowls, eternity's fix'd ear
Hears from coeval truth, when chance nor change,
Nature's loud progeny, nor nature's ſelf
Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.
Ere long, o'er this corporeal world he learns
To extend her ſway; while calling from the deep,
From earth and air, their multitudes untold
Of figures and of motions round his walk,
For each wide family ſome ſingle birth
He ſets in view, the impartial type of all
Its brethren; ſuffering it to claim, beyond
Their common heritage, no private gift,
No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
In this diſcerns, his bold unerring tongue
Pronounceth of the kindred, without bound,
Without condition. Such the riſe of forms
Sequeſter'd far from ſenſe and every ſpot
Peculiar in the realms of ſpace or time:
Such is the throne which man for truth amid
The paths of mutability hath built
Secure, unſhaken, ſtill; and whence he views,
In matter's mouldering ſtructures, the pure forms
Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,
Impaſſive all; whoſe attributes nor force
Nor fate can alter. There he firſt conceives
True being, and an intellectual world
The ſame this hour and ever. Thence he deems
Of his own lot; above the painted ſhapes
That fleeting move o'er this terreſtrial ſcene

Looks up; beyond the adamantine gates
Of death expatiates; as his birthright claims
Inheritance in all the works of God;
Prepares for endleſs time his plan of life,
And counts the univerſe itſelf his home.
Whence alſo but from truth, the light of minds,
Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
Of virtue? with the moral colors thrown
On every walk of this our ſocial ſcene,
Adorning for the eye of gods and men
The paſſions, actions, habitudes of life,
And rendering earth like heaven, a ſacred place
Where love and praiſe may take delight to dwell?
Let none with heedleſs tongue from truth disjoin
The reign of virtue. Ere the dayſpring flow'd,
Like ſiſters link'd in concord's golden chain,
They ſtood before the great eternal mind,
Their common parent; and by him were both
Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
Inſeparably join'd: nor e'er did truth
Find an apt ear to liſten to her lore,
Which knew not virtue's voice; nor, ſave where truth's
Majeſtic words are heard and underſtood,
Doth virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire
Of nature: not among Tartarian rocks,
Whither the hungry vulture with its prey
Returns: not where the lion's ſullen roar
At noon reſounds along the lonely banks
Of ancient Tigris: but her gentler ſcenes,
The dove-cote and the ſhepherd's fold at morn,

Conſult-

Conſult; or by the meadow's fragrant hedge,
In ſpring-time when the woodlands firſt are green,
Attend the linnet ſinging to his mate
Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond care
Thou doſt not virtue's honorable name
Attribute: wherefore, ſave that not one gleam
Of truth did e'er diſcover to themſelves
Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
Of that parental love, the love itſelf
To judge, and meaſure its officious deeds?
But man, whoſe eyelids truth has fill'd with day,
Diſcerns how ſkilfully to bounteous ends
His wiſe affections move; with free accord
Adopts their guidance; yields himſelf ſecure
To nature's prudent impulſe; and converts
Inſtinct to duty and to ſacred law.
Hence right and fit on earth: while thus to man
The Almighty Legiſlator hath explain'd
The ſprings of action fix'd within his breaſt;
Hath given him power to ſlacken or reſtrain
Their effort; and hath ſhewn him how they join
Their partial movements with the maſter-wheel
Of the great world, and ſerve that ſacred end
Which he, the unerring reaſon, keeps in view.
For (if a mortal tongue may ſpeak of him
And his dread ways) even as his boundleſs eye,
Connecting every form and every change,
Beholds the perfect beauty; ſo his will,
Through every hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itſelf

The

The perfect virtue. Let the grateful swain
Remember this, as oft with joy and praise
He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender seed
Flourish within his furrows: when between
Dead seas and burning skies, where long unmov'd
The bark had languish'd, now a rustling gale
Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot, bursting out in thanks,
Remember this: lest blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their offerings: lest their selfish heart
Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call
"Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd."
Fools! who of God as of each other deem:
Who his invariable acts deduce
From sudden counsels transient as their own;
Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute
Which haply they have tasted, heed the source
That flows for all; the fountain of his love
Which, from the summit where he sits enthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing streams, throughout
The spacious region flourishing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair universe; on which alone
His counsels fix, and whence alone his will
Assumes her strong direction. Such is now
His sovran purpose: such it was before
All multitude of years. For his right arm

Was never idle: his beſtowing love
Knew no beginning; was not as a change
Of mood that woke at laſt and ſtarted up
After a deep and ſolitary ſloth
Of boundleſs ages. No: he now is good,
He ever was. The feet of hoary time
Through their eternal courſe have travel'd o'er
No ſpeechleſs, lifeleſs deſart; but through ſcenes
Cheerful with bounty ſtill; among a pomp
Of worlds, for gladneſs round the maker's throne
Loud-ſhouting, or, in many dialects
Of hope and filial truſt, imploring thence
The fortunes of their people: where ſo fix'd
Were all the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd
To every living ſoul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That each the general happineſs might ſerve;
And by the diſcipline of laws divine
Convinc'd of folly or chaſtiz'd from guilt,
Each might at length be happy. What remains
Shall be like what is paſs'd; but fairer ſtill,
And ſtill increaſing in the godlike gifts
Of life and truth. The ſame paternal hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to celeſtial minds,
Will ever lead the generations on
Through higher ſcenes of being: while, ſupply'd
From day to day by his inlivening breath,
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,

As vapours to the earth in ſhowers return,
As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting moon
Swells, and the ever-liſtening planets charm'd
By the ſun's call their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
Exhauſtleſs fount of intellectual day,
Centre of ſouls. Nor doth the maſtering voice
Of nature ceaſe within to prompt aright
Their ſteps; nor is the care of heaven with-held
From ſending to the toil external aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb the aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
For man's inſpection. Though to ſome be given
To catch a tranſient viſionary glimpſe
Of that majeſtic ſcene which boundleſs power
Prepares for perfect goodneſs, yet in vain
Would human life her faculties expand
To imboſom ſuch an object. Nor could e'er
Virtue or praiſe have touch'd the hearts of men,
Had not the ſovran guide, through every ſtage
Of this their various journey, pointed out
New hopes, new toils, which to their humble ſphere
Of ſight and ſtrength might ſuch importance hold
As doth the wide creation to his own.
Hence all the little charities of life,
With all their duties: hence that favorite palm
Of human will, when duty is ſuffic'd,
And *ſtill the liberal ſoul* in ampler deeds

Would manifeſt herſelf; that ſacred ſign
Of her rever'd affinity to him
Whoſe bounties are his own; to whom none ſaid,
"Create the wiſeſt, fulleſt, faireſt world,
"And make its offspring happy;" who, intent
Some likeneſs of himſelf among his works
To view, hath pour'd into the human breaſt
A ray of knowledge and of love, which guides
Earth's feeble race to act their Maker's part,
Self-judging, ſelf-oblig'd: while, from before
That godlike function, the gigantic power
Neceſſity, though wont to curb the force
Of Chaos and the ſavage elements,
Retires abaſh'd, as from a ſcene too high
For her brute tyranny, and with her bears
Her ſcorned followers, terror, and baſe awe
Who blinds herſelf, and that ill-ſuited pair,
Obedience link'd with hatred. Then the ſoul
Ariſes in her ſtrength; and, looking round
Her buſy ſphere, whatever work ſhe views,
Whatever counſel bearing any trace
Of her Creator's likeneſs, whether apt
To aid her fellows or preſerve herſelf
In her ſuperior functions unimpair'd,
Thither ſhe turns exulting: that ſhe claims
As her peculiar good: on that, through all
The fickle ſeaſons of the day, ſhe looks
With reverence ſtill: to that, as to a fence
Againſt affliction and the darts of pain,
Her drooping hopes repair: and, once oppos'd

To

To that, all other pleaſure, other wealth
Vile, as the droſs upon the molten gold,
Appears, and loathſome as the briny ſea
To him who languiſhes with thirſt, and ſighs
For ſome known fountain pure. For what can ſtrive
With virtue? which of nature's regions vaſt
Can in ſo many forms produce to ſight
Such powerful beauty? beauty, which the eye
Of hatred cannot look upon ſecure:
Which envy's ſelf contemplates, and is turn'd
Ere long to tenderneſs, to infant ſmiles,
Or tears of humbleſt love. Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
The ſummer's noontide groves, the purple eve
At harveſt-home, or in the froſty moon
Glittering on ſome ſmooth ſea, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip? as the honor'd roof
Whither from higheſt heaven immortal Love
His torch ethereal and his golden bow
Propitious brings, and there a temple holds
To whoſe unſpotted ſervice gladly vow'd
The ſocial band of parent, brother, child,
With ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe and gentle deeds
Adore his power? What gift of richeſt clime
E'er drew ſuch eager eyes, or prompted ſuch
Deep wiſhes, as the zeal that ſnatcheth back
From ſlander's poiſonous tooth a foe's renown;
Or croſſeth danger in his lion-walk,
A rival's life to reſcue? as the young
Athenian warrior ſitting down in bonds,

That his great father's body might not want
A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman wife,
Teaching her lord how harmleſs was the wound
Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
Their faithful love? Or is there in the abyſs,
Is there, among the adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken through the boundleſs void,
Aught that with half ſuch majeſty can fill
The human boſom, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate
Amid the croud of patriots; and, his arm
Aloft extending like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook the crimſon ſword
Of juſtice in his rapt aſtoniſh'd eye,
And bade the father of his country hail,
For lo the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free? Thus, through the paths
Of human life, in various pomp array'd
Walks the wiſe daughter of the judge of heaven,
Fair virtue; from her Father's throne ſupreme
Sent down to utter laws, ſuch as on earth
Moſt apt he knew, moſt powerful to promote
The weal of all his works, the gracious end
Of his dread empire. And though haply man's
Obſcurer ſight, ſo far beyond himſelf
And the brief labors of his little home,
Extends not; yet, by the bright preſence won
Of this divine inſtructreſs, to her ſway

Pleas'd

Pleas'd he aſſents, nor heeds the diſtant goal
To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath God,
Still looking toward his own high purpoſe, fix'd
The virtues of his creatures; thus he rules
The parent's fondneſs and the patriot's zeal;
Thus the warm ſenſe of honor and of ſhame;
The vows of gratitude, the faith of love;
And all the comely intercourſe of praiſe,
The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.
How far unlike them muſt the lot of guilt
Be found! Or what terreſtrial woe can match
The ſelf-convicted boſom, which hath wrought
The bane of others or inſlav'd itſelf
With ſhackles vile? Not poiſon, nor ſharp fire,
Nor the worſt pangs that ever monkiſh hate
Suggeſted, or deſpotic rage impos'd,
Were at that ſeaſon an unwiſh'd exchange:
When the ſoul loaths herſelf: when, flying thence
To crouds, on every brow ſhe ſees portray'd
Fell demons; hate or ſcorn, which drive her back
To ſolitude, her judge's voice divine
To hear in ſecret, haply ſounding through
The troubled dreams of midnight, and ſtill, ſtill
Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompence, or charging her own tongue
To ſpeak the award of juſtice on herſelf.
For well ſhe knows what faithful hints within
Were whiſper'd, to beware the lying forms
Which turn'd her footſteps from the ſafer way:
What cautions to ſuſpect their painted dreſs,

And look with ſteady eyelid on their ſmiles,
Their frowns, their tears. In vain. The dazzling hues
Of fancy, and opinion's eager voice,
Too much prevail'd. For mortals tread the path
In which opinion ſays they follow good.
Or fly from evil: and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by fancy, pleaſing or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colors and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man to whom the name of death
Brings terror's ghaſtly pageants conjur'd up
Before him, death-bed groans, and diſmal vows,
And the frail ſoul plung'd head-long from the brink
Of life and day-light down the gloomy air,
An unknown depth, to gulphs of torturing fire
Unviſited by mercy? Then what hand
Can ſnatch this dreamer from the fatal toils
Which fancy and opinion thus conſpire
To twine around his heart? or who ſhall huſh
Their clamor, when they tell him that to die,
To riſk thoſe horrors, is a direr curſe
Than baſeſt life can bring? Though love with prayers
Melt tender, with affliction's ſacred tears,
Beſeech his aid; though gratitude and faith
Condemn each ſtep which loiters; yet let none
Make anſwer for him that, if any frown
Of danger thwart his path, he will not ſtay,
Content, and be a wretch to be ſecure.

Here

Here vice begins then: at the gate of life,
Ere the young multitude to diverſe roads
Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
Sits Fancy, deep inchantreſs; and to each
With kind maternal looks preſents her bowl,
A potent beverage. Heedleſs they comply:
Till the whole ſoul from that myſterious draught
Is ting'd, and every tranſient thought imbibes
Of gladneſs or diſguſt, deſire or fear,
One homebred color: which not all the lights
Of ſcience e'er ſhall change; not all the ſtorms
Of adverſe fortune waſh away, nor yet
The robe of pureſt virtue quite conceal.
Thence on they paſs, where meeting frequent ſhapes
Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
To fire or freeze the breaſt, with them they join
In dangerous parley; liſtening oft, and oft
Gazing with reckleſs paſſion, while its garb
The ſpectre heightens, and its pompous tale
Repeats with ſome new circumſtance to ſuit
That early tincture of the hearer's ſoul.
And ſhould the guardian, reaſon, but for one
Short moment yield to this illuſive ſcene
His ear and eye, the intoxicating charm
Involves him, till no longer he diſcerns,
Or only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that ſpurn him from the throne,
And all is uproar. Hence ambition climbs
With ſliding feet and hands impure, to graſp
Thoſe ſolemn *toys* which glitter in his view

On Fortune's rugged ſteep: hence pale Revenge
Unſheaths her murderous dagger: Rapine hence
And envious luſt, by venal fraud upborne,
Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws
Which kept them from their prey: hence all the crimes
That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues
That follow them for vengeance, in the guiſe
Of honor, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the fond believing mind.

Yet not by Fancy's witchcraft on the brain
Are always the tumultuous paſſions driven
To guilty deeds, nor reaſon bound in chains
That vice alone may lord it. Oft, adorn'd
With motley pageants, folly mounts his throne,
And plays her ideot antics, like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears: a thouſand ways
She whirls her giddy empire. Lo, thus far
With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing for contemplation link'd with love
A penſive theme. Now haply ſhould my ſong
Unbend that ſerious countenance, and learn
Thalia's tripping gait, her ſhrill-ton'd voice,
Her wiles familiar: whether ſcorn ſhe darts
In wanton ambuſh from her lip or eye,
Or whether with a ſad diſguiſe of care,
O'ermantling her gay brow, ſhe acts in ſport
The deeds of folly, and from all ſides round
Calls forth impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
Her province. But through every comic ſcene
To lead my Muſe with her light pencil arm'd;

Through

Through every ſwift occaſion which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her laboring ſides and chokes her tongue;
Were endleſs as to ſound each grating note
With which the rooks, and chattering daws, and grave
Unwieldy inmates of the village pond,
The changing ſeaſons of the ſky proclaim;
Sun, cloud, or ſhower. Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'er the power of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on her quick perception: whether pomp,
Or praiſe, or beauty be dragg'd in and ſhown
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity is wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with ſhrewd and wayward ſpite
Invade reſplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boaſt of praiſe.
  Aſk we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal boſoms ſtirs this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful pangs of laughter; from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
Wild Folly's aims? For though the ſober light
Of Truth ſlow-dawning on the watchful mind
At length unfolds, through many a ſubtile tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil; yet benignant Heaven,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of truth appears

To

To thouſands, conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labor and from care the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of Nature, therefore ſtamp'd
Theſe glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,
As broad, as obvious to the paſſing clown
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.
But other evils o'er the ſteps of man
Through all his walks impend; againſt whoſe might
The ſlender darts of laughter nought avail:
A trivial warfare. Some, like cruel guards,
On Nature's ever-moving throne attend;
With miſchief arm'd for him whoe'er ſhall thwart
The path of her inexorable wheels,
While ſhe purſues the work that muſt be done
Through ocean, earth, and air. Hence frequent forms
Of woe; the merchant, with his wealthy bark,
Bury'd by daſhing waves; the traveller
Pierc'd by the pointed lightning in his haſte;
And the poor huſbandman, with folded arms,
Surveying his loſt labors, and a heap
Of blaſted chaff the product of the field
Whence he expected bread. But worſe than theſe
I deem, far worſe, that other race of ills
Which human kind rear up among themſelves;
That horrid offspring which miſgovern'd will
Bears to fantaſtic error; vices, crimes,
Furies that curſe the earth, and make the blows,
The heavieſt blows, of nature's innocent hand
Seem ſport: which are indeed but as the care

Of

Of a wife parent, who ſollicits good
To all her houſe, though haply at the price
Of tears and froward wailing and reproach
From ſome unthinking child, whom not the leſs
Its mother deſtines to be happy ſtill.
Theſe ſources then of pain, this double lot
Of evil in the inheritance of man,
Requir'd for his protection no ſlight force,
No careleſs watch. And therefore was his breaſt
Fenc'd round with paſſions quick to be alarm'd,
Or ſtubborn to oppoſe; with fear, more ſwift
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
Where armies land; with anger, uncontrol'd
As the young lion bounding on his prey;
With ſorrow, that locks up the ſtruggling heart;
And ſhame, that overcaſts the drooping eye
As with a cloud of lightning. Theſe the part
Perform of eager monitors, and goad
The ſoul more ſharply than with points of ſteel,
Her enemies to ſhun or to reſiſt.
And as thoſe paſſions, that converſe with good,
Are good themſelves; as hope and love and joy,
Among the faireſt and the ſweeteſt boons
Of life, we rightly count: ſo theſe, which guard
Againſt invading evil, ſtill excite
Some pain, ſome tumult: theſe, within the mind
Too oft admitted or too long retain'd,
Shock their frail ſeat, and by their uncurb'd rage
To ſavages more fell than Libya breeds
Transform themſelves: till human thought becomes

A gloomy ruin, haunt of ſhapes unbleſs'd,
Of ſelf-tormenting fiends; horror, deſpair,
Hatred, and wicked envy: foes to all
The works of Nature, and the gifts of Heaven.
But when through blameleſs paths to righteous ends
Thoſe keener paſſions urge the awaken'd ſoul,
I would not, as ungracious violence,
Their ſway deſcribe, nor from their free career
The fellowſhip of pleaſure quite exclude.
For what can render, to the ſelf-approv'd,
Their temper void of comfort, though in pain?
Who knows not with what majeſty divine
The forms of truth and juſtice to the mind
Appear, ennobling oft the ſharpeſt woe
With triumph and rejoicing? Who, that bears
A human boſom, hath not often felt
How dear are all thoſe ties which bind our race
In gentleneſs together, and how ſweet
Their force, let fortune's wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel? Aſk the faithful youth
Why the cold urn, of her whom long he lov'd,
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps, ſilent and unſeen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
Thoſe ſacred hours when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſooths
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aking breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture. Aſk the wood,

Which

ies impatient from the village walk
) the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
ge winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
pleſs bark; while holy pity melts
:ral eye, or terror's icy hand
ieir diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
'ery mother cloſer to her breaſt
her child, and, pointing where the waves
ough the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud
)oor wretch, who ſpreads his piteous arms
)ur, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
ſeleſs down. O! deemeſt thou indeed
ing influence here by nature given
ial terror and compaſſion's tears?
:r charm myſterious, which attracts
that edge of pain the ſocial powers
their proper action and their end?
own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
ough that penſive gloom thy pauſing eye,
he glimmering taper, moves around
:rend volumes of the dead, the ſongs
:ian bards, and records writ by fame
cian heroes, where the Sovran Power
en and earth ſurveys the immortal page
a father meditating all
iſes of his ſon, and bids the reſt
kind there the faireſt model learn
own nature, and the nobleſt deeds
et the world hath ſeen. If then thy ſoul

Join

Join in the lot of thoſe diviner men;
Say, when the proſpect darkens on thy view;
When, ſunk by many a wound, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of hard ambition; when the generous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their ſires
Lie ſide by ſide in death; when brutal force
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor diſhoneſt pageants, to adorn
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; when beauteous works,
Rewards of virtue, ſculptur'd forms which deck'd
With more than human grace the warrior's arch
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appeaſe
Tyrannic envy, ſtrew the common path
With awful ruins; when the Muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where Wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight prayer;
When ruthleſs havock from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer ſtroke
To mow the monuments of glory down;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate
Where ſenates once the weal of nations plann'd,
Hiſſeth the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mouldering column: thus when all

The

dely mournful ſcene is fix'd within
robbing boſom; when the patriot's tear
rom thine eye, and thy extended arm
y hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Octavius from the trophied car;
ith thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
; diſtreſs? or wouldſt thou then exchange
ieart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
who ſits amid the gaudy herd
it flatterers bending to his nod,
:r them, like a giant, caſts his eye,
ys within himſelf, "I am a king,
wherefore ſhould the clamorous voice of woe
ide upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
)arous ages, that Circæan draught
itude and folly, have not yet,
be the eternal ruler of the world!
e not ſo diſhonour'd, ſo deform'd
tive judgment of the human ſoul,
:ffac'd the image of her ſire.

HE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE THIRD.

MDCCLXX.

WHAT tongue then may explain the various fate
Which reigns o'er earth? or who to mortal eyes
Illuſtrate this perplexing labyrinth
Of joy and woe through which the feet of man
Are doom'd to wander? That eternal mind
From paſſions, wants, and envy far eſtrang'd,
Who built the ſpacious univerſe, and deck'd
Each part ſo richly with whate'er pertains
To life, to health, to pleaſure; why bade he
The viper Evil, creeping in, pollute
The goodly ſcene, and with inſidious rage,
While the poor inmate looks around and ſmiles,
Dart her fell ſting with poiſon to his ſoul?
Hard is the queſtion, and from ancient days
Hath ſtill oppreſs'd with care the ſage's thought;
Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
Too ſad, too deeply plaintive: nor did e'er
Thoſe chiefs of human kind, from whom the light
Of heavenly truth firſt gleam'd on barbarous lands,

Forget

Forget this dreadful ſecret when they told
What wonderous things had to their favor'd eyes
And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
Portentous oft and wild. Yet one I know,
Could I the ſpeech of lawgivers aſſume,
One old and ſplendid tale I would record
With which the Muſe of Solon in ſweet ſtrains
Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
Its darkneſs, all its terrors, bright as noon,
Or gentle as the golden ſtar of eve.
Who knows not Solon? laſt, and wiſeſt far,
Of thoſe whom Greece triumphant in the height
Of glory, ſtyl'd her fathers? him whoſe voice
Through Athens huſh'd the ſtorm of civil wrath;
Taught envious want and cruel wealth to join
In friendſhip; and, with ſweet compulſion, tam'd
Minerva's eager people to his laws,
Which their own goddeſs in his breaſt inſpir'd?
'Twas now the time when his heroic taſk
Seem'd but perform'd in vain: when, ſooth'd by years
Of flattering ſervice, the fond multitude
Hung with their ſudden counſels on the breath
Of great Piſiſtratus: that chief renown'd,
Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had train'd
Even from his birth to every powerful art
Of pleaſing and perſuading: from whoſe lips
Flow'd eloquence which like the vows of love
Could ſteal away ſuſpicion from the hearts
Of all who liſten'd. Thus from day to day

He won the general ſuffrage, and beheld
Each rival overſhadow'd and depreſs'd
Beneath his ampler ſtate: yet oft complain'd,
As one leſs kindly treated, who had hop'd
To merit favor, but ſubmits perforce
To find another's ſervices preferr'd,
Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
Then tales were ſcatter'd of his envious foes,
Of ſnares that watch'd his fame, of daggers aim'd
Againſt his life. At laſt with trembling limbs,
His hair diffus'd and wild, his garments looſe,
And ſtain'd with blood from ſelf-inflicted wounds,
He burſt into the public place, as there,
There only, were his refuge; and declar'd
In broken words, with ſighs of deep regret,
The mortal danger he had ſcarce repell'd.
Fir'd with his tragic tale, the indignant croud,
To guard his ſteps, forthwith a menial band,
Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
Decree. O ſtill too liberal of their truſt,
And oft betray'd by over-grateful love,
The generous people! Now behold him fenc'd
By mercenary weapons, like a king,
Forth iſſuing from the city gate at eve
To ſeek his rural manſion, and with pomp
Crouding the public road. The ſwain ſtops ſhort,
And ſighs: the officious townſmen ſtand at gaze
And ſhrinking give the ſullen pageant room.
Yet not the leſs obſequious was his brow;
Nor leſs profuſe of courteous words his tongue,

Of gracious gifts his hand: the while by ſtealth,
Like a ſmall torrent fed with evening ſhowers,
His train increas'd. Till, at that fatal time
Juſt as the public eye with doubt and ſhame
Startled, began to queſtion what it ſaw,
Swift as the ſound of earthquakes ruſh'd a voice
Through Athens, that Piſiſtratus had fill'd
The rocky citadel with hoſtile arms,
Had barr'd the ſteep aſcent, and ſate within
Amid his hirelings, meditating death
To all whoſe ſtubborn necks his yoke refus'd.
Where then was Solon? After ten long years
Of abſence, full of haſte from foreign ſhores
The ſage, the lawgiver, had now arriv'd:
Arriv'd, alas, to ſee that Athens, that
Fair temple rais'd by him and ſacred call'd
To Liberty and Concord, now profan'd
By ſavage hate, or ſunk into a den
Of ſlaves who crouch beneath the maſter's ſcourge,
And deprecate his wrath and court his chains.
Yet did not the wiſe patriot's grief impede
His virtuous will, nor was his heart inclin'd
One moment with ſuch woman-like diſtreſs
To view the tranſient ſtorms of civil war,
As thence to yield his country and her hopes
To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm,
Ev'n while the traitor's impious act is told,
He buckles on his hoary head: he girds
With mail his ſtooping breaſt: the ſhield, the ſpear
He *ſnatcheth; and with* ſwift indignant ſtrides

The aſſembled people ſeeks: proclaims aloud
It was no time for counſel: in their ſpears
Lay all their prudence now: the tyrant yet
Was not ſo firmly ſeated on his throne,
But that one ſhock of their united force
Would daſh him from the ſummit of his pride
Headlong and groveling in the duſt. What elſe
Can re-aſſert the loſt Athenian name
So cheaply to the laughter of the world
Betray'd; by guile beneath an infant's faith
So mock'd and ſcorn'd? Away then: freedom now
And ſafety dwell not but with fame in arms:
Myſelf will ſhew you where their manſion lies,
And through the walks of danger or of death
Conduct you to them. While he ſpake, through all
Their crouded ranks his quick ſagacious eye
He darted; where no chearful voice was heard
Of ſocial daring; no ſtretch'd arm was ſeen
Haſtening their common taſk: but pale miſtruſt
Wrinkled each brow: they ſhook their heads, and down
Their ſlack hands hung: cold ſighs and whiſper'd doubts
From breath to breath ſtole round. The ſage mean time
Look'd ſpeechleſs on, while his big boſom heav'd
Struggling with ſhame and ſorrow: till at laſt
A tear broke forth; and, O immortal ſhades,
O Theſeus, he exclaim'd, O Codrus, where,
Where are ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
Through life! behold for whom ye choſe to die!
No more he added; but with lonely ſteps
Weary and ſlow, his ſilver beard depreſs'd,

And

And his ſtern eyes bent heedleſs on the ground,
Back to his ſilent dwelling he repair'd.
There o'er the gate, his armor, as a man
Whom from the ſervice of the war his chief
Diſmiſſeth after no inglorious toil,
He fix'd in general view. One wiſhful look
He ſent, unconſcious, toward the public place
At parting: then beneath his quiet roof
Without a word, without a ſigh, retir'd.
  Scarce had the morrow's ſun his golden rays
From ſweet Hymettus darted o'er the fanes
Of Cecrops to the Salaminian ſhores,
When, lo, on Solon's threſhold met the feet
Of four Athenians by the ſame ſad care
Conducted all: than whom the ſtate beheld
None nobler. Firſt came Megacles, the ſon
Of great Alcmæon, whom the Lydian king,
The mild, unhappy Crœſus, in his days
Of glory had with coſtly gifts adorn'd,
Fair veſſels, ſplendid garments, tinctur'd webs,
And heaps of treaſur'd gold beyond the lot
Of many ſovrans; thus requiting well
That hoſpitable favor which erewhile
Alcmæon to his meſſengers had ſhewn,
Whom he with offerings worthy of the God
Sent from his throne in Sardis to revere
Apollo's Delphic ſhrine. With Megacles
Aproach'd his ſon, whom Agariſta bore,
The virtuous child of Cliſthenes whoſe hand
Of *Grecian ſcepters* the moſt ancient far

In Sicyon ſway'd: but greater fame he drew
From arms control'd by juſtice, from the love
Of the wiſe Muſes, and the unenvied wreath
Which glad Olympia gave. For thither once
His warlike ſteeds the hero led, and there
Contended through the tumult of the courſe
With ſkilful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
Amid the applauſes of aſſembled Greece,
High on his car he ſtood and wav'd his arm.
Silence inſued: when ſtrait the herald's voice
Was heard, inviting every Grecian youth,
Whom Cliſthenes content might call his ſon,
To viſit, ere twice thirty days were paſs'd,
The towers of Sicyon. There the chief decreed,
Within the circuit of the following year,
To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand
With his fair daughter, him among the gueſts
Whom worthieſt he ſhould deem. Forthwith from all
The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers came:
From rich Heſperea; from the Illyrian ſhore
Where Epidamnus over Adria's ſurge
Looks on the ſetting ſun; from thoſe brave tribes
Chaonian or Moloſſian whom the race
Of great Achilles governs, glorying ſtill
In Troy o'erthrown; from rough Ætolia, nurſe
Of men who firſt among the Greeks threw off
The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms
Devoted; from Theſſalia's fertile meads,
Where flows Péneus near the lofty walls
Of Cranon old; from ſtrong Eretria, queen

Of

ubœan cities, who, ſublime
teep margin of Euripus, views
the tide the Marathonian plain,
the haunt of glory. Athens too,
n's care, among her graceful ſons
equal lovers for the princely maid:
s proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
ed Elis; nor the Arcadian groves
erſhade Alphéus, echoing oft
epherd's ſong. But through the illuſtrious band
ne who might with Megacles compare
he honors of unblemiſh'd youth.
s the beauteous bride: and now their ſon
Cliſthenes, betimes, at Solon's gate
nxious; leaning forward on the arm
great ſire, with earneſt eyes that aſk'd
he ſlow hinge would turn, with reſtleſs feet,
eeks now pale, now glowing: for his heart
'd, full of burſting paſſions, anger, grief
orn imbitter'd, by the generous boy
underſtood, but which, like noble ſeeds,
ſtin'd for his country and himſelf
years to bring forth fruits divine
rty and glory. Next appear'd
rave companions whom one mother bore
erent lords; but whom the better ties
esteem and friendſhip render'd more
rothers: firſt Miltiades, who drew
odlike Æacus his ancient line;
Eacus whoſe unimpeach'd renown

For

For ſanctity and juſtice won the lyre
Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
The guilty ſoul within the burning gates
Of Tartarus compel, or ſend the good
To inhabit with eternal health and peace
The vallies of Elyſium. From a ſtem
So ſacred, ne'er could worthier ſcyon ſpring
Than this Miltiades; whoſe aid erelong
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways
Sent by the inſpir'd foreknowing maid who ſits
Upon the Delphic tripod, ſhall implore
To wield their ſceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Cherſoneſus to protect
With arms and laws. But, nothing careful now
Save for his injur'd country, here he ſtands
In deep ſolicitude with Cymon join'd:
Unconſcious both what widely-different lots
Await them, taught by nature as they are
To know one common good, one common ill.
For Cymon not his valor, not his birth
Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thouſand gifts
Dealt round him with a wife, benignant hand,
No, not the Olympic olive by himſelf
From his own brow transferr'd to ſooth the mind
Of this Piſiſtratus, can long preſerve
From the fell envy of the tyrant's ſons,
And their aſſaſſin dagger. But if death
Obſcure upon his gentle ſteps attend,
Yet fate an ample recompenſe prepares

s victorious ſon, that other great
ades, who o'er the very throne
ory ſhall with Time's aſſiduous hand
amantine characters ingrave
ame of Athens; and, by freedom arm'd
ſt the gigantic pride of Aſia's king;
all the atchievements of the heroes old
ount, of Hercules, of all who ſail'd
Theſſaly with Jaſon, all who fought
mpire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.
:h were the patriots who within the porch
)lon had aſſembled. But the gate
opens, and acroſs the ample floor
: they proceed into an open ſpace
it with the beams of morn: a verdant ſpot,
:e ſtands a rural altar, pil'd with ſods
rom the graſſy turf and girt with wreaths
anching palm. Here Solon's ſelf they found
in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
leaves of olive on his reverend brow.
rw'd before the altar, and o'er cakes
irley from two earthen veſſels pour'd
)ney and of milk a plenteous ſtream;
)g meantime the Muſes to accept
mple offering, by no victim ting'd
blood, nor ſullied by deſtroying fire,
uch as for himſelf Apollo claims
s own Delos, where his favorite haunt
:nce the Altar of the Pious nam'd.
n the *gueſts* drew near, and ſilent view'd

That

That worſhip; till the hero prieſt his eye
Turn'd toward a ſeat on which prepar'd there lay
A branch of laurel. Then his friends confeſs'd
Before him ſtood. Backward his ſtep he drew,
As loth that care or tumult ſhould approach
Thoſe early rites divine: but ſoon their looks,
So anxious, and their hands, held forth with ſuch
Deſponding geſture, bring him on perforce
To ſpeak to their affliction. Are ye come,
He cried, to mourn with me this common ſhame?
Or aſk ye ſome new effort which may break
Our fetters? Know then, of the public cauſe
Not for yon traitor's cunning or his might
Do I deſpair: nor could I wiſh from Jove
Aught dearer, than at this late hour of life,
As once by laws, ſo now by ſtrenuous arms
From impious violation to aſſert
The rights our fathers left us. But, alas!
What arms? or who ſhall wield them? Ye beheld
The Athenian people. Many bitter days
Muſt paſs, and many wounds from cruel pride
Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
For juſt reſentment, or their hands indure
To ſmite this tyrant brood, ſo near to all
Their hopes, ſo oft admir'd, ſo long belov'd.
That time will come, however. Be it yours
To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
With honeſt prudence: me it ill beſeems
Again to ſupplicate the unwilling croud
To reſcue from a vile deceiver's hold

:d power which once with eager zeal
'd to myſelf; nor can I plunge
s deep and various, nor prepare
t wars, thus faultering as I tread
aſt verge, ere long to join the ſhades
and Lycurgus. But behold
: imploys me now. My vows I pay
'eet Muſes, teachers of my youth
e of my age. If right I deem
l voice that whiſpers at my heart,
ortal ſiſters have not quite withdrawn
harmonious influence. Let your tongues
'ed ſilence favor what I ſpeak,
y ſhall my faithful lips be taught
d celeſtial counſels, which may arm
impenetrable ſteel your breaſts
ong ſtrife before you, and repel
; of adverſe fate. He ſaid, and ſnatch'd
:l bough, and ſate in ſilence down,
rapp'd in ſolemn muſing, full before
who now from all his radiant orb
: gray clouds, and pour'd his genial light
: breaſt of Solon. Solon rais'd
: leafy rod, and thus began.
uteous offspring of Olympian Jove
mory divine, Pierian maids,
, propitious. In the morn of life,
ope ſhone bright and all the proſpect ſmil'd,
ſequeſter'd manſion oft my ſteps
rn'd, O Muſes, and within your gate

My

My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with ſtrains
Of flowing harmony to ſoften war's
Dire voice, or in fair colors, that might charm
The public eye, to clothe the form auſtere
Of civil counſel. Now my feeble age
Neglected, and ſupplanted of the hope
On which it lean'd, yet ſinks not, but to you,
To your mild wiſdom flies, refuge belov'd
Of ſolitude and ſilence. Ye can teach
The viſions of my bed whate'er the gods
In the rude ages of the world inſpir'd,
Or the firſt heroes acted: ye can make
The morning light more gladſome to my ſenſe
Than ever it appear'd to active youth
Purſuing careleſs pleaſure: ye can give
To this long leiſure, theſe unheeded hours,
A labor as ſublime, as when the ſons
Of Athens throng'd and ſpeechleſs round me ſtood
To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
The bounds of right and wrong. Celeſtial powers,
I feel that ye are near me: and behold,
To meet your energy divine, I bring
A high and ſacred theme; not leſs than thoſe
Which to the eternal cuſtody of fame
Your lips intruſted, when of old ye deign'd
With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent
The groves of Hæmus or the Chian ſhore.

Ye know, harmonious maids (for what of all
My various life was e'er from you eſtrang'd?)
Oft hath my ſolitary ſong to you

Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my ſteps
To willing exile; earneſt to withdraw
From envy and the diſappointed thirſt
Of lucre, left the bold familiar ſtrife,
Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
Againſt her legiſlator, ſhould impair
With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws.
To Egypt therefore through the Ægean iſles
My courſe I ſteer'd, and by the banks of Nile
Dwelt in Canopus. Thence the hallow'd domes
Of Saïs, and the rites to Iſis paid,
I ſought, and in her temple's ſilent courts,
Through many changing moons, attentive heard
The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue
At morn or midnight the deep ſtory told
Of her who repreſents whate'er has been,
Or is, or ſhall be; whoſe myſterious veil
No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
By him exhorted, ſouthward to the walls
Of On I paſs'd, the city of the ſun,
The ever-yeuthful god. 'Twas there amid
His prieſts and ſages, who the live-long night
Watch the dread movements of the ſtarry ſphere,
Or who in wondrous fables half diſcloſe
The ſecrets of the elements, 'twas there
That great Pſenophis taught my raptur'd ears
The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
And her pure laws, the firſt which earth obey'd.
Deep in my boſom ſunk the noble tale;

And

And often, while I liſten'd, did my mind
Foretell with what delight her own free lyre
Should ſometime for an Attic audience raiſe
Anew that lofty ſcene, and from their tombs
Call forth thoſe ancient demigods to ſpeak
Of juſtice and the hidden providence
That walk among mankind. But yet meantime
The myſtic pomp of Ammon's gloomy ſons
Became leſs pleaſing. With contempt I gaz'd
On that tame garb and thoſe unvarying paths
To which the double yoke of king and prieſt
Had cramp'd the ſullen race. At laſt with hymns
Invoking our own Pallas and the gods
Of cheerful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
To Egypt, and before the ſouthern wind
Spread my full ſails. What climes I then ſurvey'd,
What fortunes I incounter'd in the realm
Of Croeſus or upon the Cyprian ſhore,
The Muſe, who prompts my boſom, doth not now
Conſent that I reveal. But when at length
Ten times the ſun returning from the ſouth
Had ſtrow'd with flowers the verdant earth and fill'd
The groves with muſic, pleas'd I then beheld
The term of thoſe long errors drawing nigh.
Nor yet, I ſaid, will I ſit down within
The walls of Athens, till my feet have trod
The Cretan ſoil, have pierc'd thoſe reverend haunts
Whence law and civil concord iſſued forth
As from their ancient home, and ſtill to Greece
Their wiſeſt, loftieſt diſcipline proclaim.

Strait

Strait where Amniſus, mart of wealthy ſhips,
Appears beneath fam'd Gnoſſus and her towers
Like the fair handmaid of a ſtately queen,
I check'd my prow, and thence with eager ſteps
The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods,
Who taught the leaders of the ſimpler time
By written words to curb the untoward will
Of mortals, how within that generous iſle
Have ye the triumphs of your power diſplay'd
Munificent! Thoſe ſplendid merchants, lords
Of traffic and the ſea, with what delight
I ſaw them at their public meal, like ſons
Of the ſame houſehold, join the plainer ſort
Whoſe wealth was only freedom! whence to theſe
Vile envy, and to thoſe fantaſtic pride,
Alike was ſtrange; but noble concord ſtill
Cheriſh'd the ſtrength untam'd, the ruſtic faith,
Of their firſt fathers. Then the growing race,
How pleaſing to behold them in their ſchools,
Their ſports, their labors, ever plac'd within,
O ſhade of Minos, thy controling eye!
Here was a docile band in tuneful tones
Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
Praiſing the bounteous gods, or, to preſerve
Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
Reſounding what the Muſe inſpir'd of old;
There, on the verge of manhood, others met,
In heavy armor through the heats of noon
To march, the rugged mountains height to climb
With meaſur'd ſwiftneſs, from the hard-bent bow

To ſend reſiſtleſs arrows to their mark,
Or for the fame of proweſs to contend,
Now wreſtling, now with fiſts and ſtaves oppos'd,
Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
Of brazen ſhields; while ſtill the warbling flute
Preſided o'er the combat, breathing ſtrains
Grave, ſolemn, ſoft; and changing headlong ſpite
To thoughtful reſolution cool and clear.
Such I beheld thoſe iſlanders renown'd,
So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
That living flame of reverence for their laws
Which, nor the ſtorms of fortune, nor the flood
Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
Could quench or ſlacken. Firſt of human names
In every Cretan's heart was Minos ſtill;
And holieſt far, of what the ſun ſurveys
Through his whole courſe, were thoſe primeval ſeat
Which with religious footſteps he had taught
Their ſires to approach; the wild Dictæan cave
Where Jove was born; the ever-verdant meads
Of Ida, and the ſpacious grotto, where
His active youth he paſs'd, and where his throne
Yet ſtands myſterious; whither Minos came
Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
And mortals there in ſecret to conſult
On juſtice, and the tables of his law
To inſcribe anew. Oft alſo with like zeal
Great Rhea's manſion from the Cnoſſian gates
Men viſit; nor leſs oft the antique fane

n that ſacred ſpot, along the banks
ly Theron, where benignant Jove
s majeſtic conſort join'd their hands
oke their nuptial vows. Alas, 'twas there
he dire fame of Athens ſunk in bonds
eceiv'd; what time an annual feaſt
mmon'd all the genial country round,
ifice and pomp to bring to mind
rſt great ſpouſal; while the enamor'd youths
irgins, with the prieſt before the ſhrine,
e the ſame pure ritual, and invoke
me glad omens. There, among the croud
ngers from thoſe naval cities drawn
deck, like gems, the iſland's northern ſhore,
chant of Ægina I deſcrib'd,
cient hoſt. But, forward as I ſprung
et him, he, with dark dejected brow,
d half-averſe; and, O Athenian gueſt,
d, art thou in Crete; theſe joyful rites
ing? Know thy laws are blotted out:
ountry kneels before a tyrant's throne.
ded names of men, with hoſtile deeds
ous; which obſcure and indiſtinct
d: for, while he ſpake, my heart grew cold
ny eyes dim: the altars and their train
ore were preſent to me: how I far'd,
ither turn'd, I know not; nor recall
: of thoſe moments other than the ſenſe
: who ſtruggles in oppreſſive ſleep,
from the toils of ſome diſtreſsful dream

To break away, with palpitating heart,
Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in death-like dew,
Makes many a painful effort. When at laſt
The ſun and nature's face again appear'd,
Not far I found me; where the public path,
Winding through cypreſs groves and ſwelling meads,
From Cnoſſus to the cave of Jove aſcends.
Heedleſs I follow'd on; till ſoon the ſkirts
Of Ida roſe before me, and the vault
Wide-opening pierc'd the mountain's rocky ſide.
Entering within the threſhold, on the ground
I flung me, ſad, faint, overworn with toil,

* * * * * * * * *

THE

THE BEGINNING OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

MDCCLXX.

ONE effort more, one cheerful ſally more,
Our deſtin'd courſe will finiſh. And in peace
Then for an offering ſacred to the powers
Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
Inſcribe a monument of deathleſs praiſe,
O my adventurous ſong. With ſteady ſpeed
Long haſt thou, on an untried voyage bound,
Sail'd between earth and heaven: haſt now ſurvey'd,
Stretch'd out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts
Of paſſion and opinion; like a waſte
Of ſands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,
Where mortals roam bewilder'd: and haſt now
Exulting ſoar'd among the worlds above,
Or hover'd near the eternal gates of heaven,
If haply the diſcourſes of the gods,

A curious, but an unpreſuming gueſt,
Thou might'ſt partake, and carry back ſome ſtrain
Of divine wiſdom, lawful to repeat,
And apt to be conceiv'd of man below.
A different taſk remains; the ſecret paths
Of early genius to explore: to trace
Thoſe haunts where Fancy her predeſtin'd ſons,
Like to the Demigods of old, doth nurſe
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy ſouls,
Who now her tender diſcipline obey,
Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve
Imprint your ſteps? What ſolemn groves at noon
Uſe ye to viſit, often breaking forth
In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
Or muſing, as in ſlumber, on the green?
—Would I again were with you!—O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye moſt antient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely ſtrides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops ſhort the pleaſed traveller to view
Preſiding o'er the ſcene ſome ruſtic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian ſhades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the moſſy falls
Of ſolitary Wenſbeck's limpid ſtream;
How gladly I recall your well-known ſeats,
Below'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a ſummer's day,
I wander'd through your calm receſſes, led
In ſilence by ſome powerful hand unſeen.

Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor ſhall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wiſdom, move me to diſclaim
Thoſe ſtudies which poſſeſs'd me in the dawn
Of life, and fix'd the color of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From ſleep I reſcue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkneſs, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the ſweet magic of harmonious verſe;
The themes which now expect us. For thus far
On general habits, and on arts which grow
Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind,
Hath dwelt our argument; and how ſelf-taught,
Though ſeldom conſcious of their own imploy,
In nature's or in fortune's changeful ſcene
Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire
Thoſe forms ſet up, as idols in the ſoul
For love and zealous praiſe. Yet indiſtinct,
In vulgar boſoms, and unnotic'd lie
Theſe pleaſing ſtores, unleſs the caſual force
Of things external prompt the heedleſs mind
To recognize her wealth. But ſome there are
Conſcious of nature, and the rule which man
O'er nature holds: ſome who, within themſelves
Retiring from the trivial ſcenes of chance
And momentary paſſion, can at will
Call up theſe fair exemplars of the mind;

Review their features; ſcan the ſecret laws
Which bind them to each other: and diſplay
By forms, or ſounds, or colors, to the ſenſe
Of all the world their latent charms diſplay:
Even as in nature's frame (if ſuch a word,
If ſuch a word, ſo bold, may from the lips
Of man proceed) as in this outward frame
Of things, the Great Artificer pourtrays
His own immenſe idea. Various names
Theſe among mortals bear, as various ſigns
They uſe, and by peculiar organs ſpeak
To human ſenſe. There are who by the flight
Of air through tubes with moving ſtops diſtinct,
Or by extended chords in meaſure taught
To vibrate, can aſſemble powerful ſounds
Expreſſing every temper of the mind
From every cauſe, and charming all the ſoul
With paſſion void of care. Others mean time
The rugged maſs of metal, wood, or ſtone,
Patiently taming; or with eaſier hand
Deſcribing lines, and with more ample ſcope
Uniting colors; can to general ſight
Produce thoſe permanent and perfect forms,
Thoſe characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world
Their own high minds created. But the chief
Are poets; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
To clothe whate'er the ſoul admires or loves
With language and with numbers. Hence to theſe
A field is open'd wide as nature's ſphere;

Nay,

Nay, wider: various as the ſudden acts
Of human wit, and vaſt as the demands
Of human will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
To every organ of the copious mind,
He offereth all its treaſures. Him the hours,
The ſeaſons him obey: and changeful Time
Sees him at will keep meaſure with his flight,
At will outſtrip it. To enhance his toil,
He ſummoneth from the uttermoſt extent
Of things which God hath taught him, every form
Auxiliar, every power; and all beſide
Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
Gives, to corporeal eſſence, life and ſenſe
And every ſtately function of the ſoul.
The ſoul itſelf to him obſequious lies,
Like matter's paſſive heap; and as he wills,
To reaſon and affection he aſſigns
Their juſt alliances, their juſt degrees:
Whence his peculiar honors; whence the race
Of men who people his delightful world,
Men genuine and according to themſelves,
Tranſcend as far the uncertain ſons of earth,
As earth itſelf to his delightful world
The palm of ſpotleſs beauty doth reſign.

* * * * * * *

ODES

ODES

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

WITH THE

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

ON yonder verdant hilloc laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly ſhade,
O'erlook the falling ſtream,
O maſter of the Latin lyre,
A while with thee will I retire
From ſummer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
The induſtrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews:
"For me," ſhe ſings, "the gems are born,
"For me their ſilken robe adorn,
"Their fragrant breath diffuſe."

III.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude ſtorm
This hoſpitable ſcene deform,
Nor check thy gladſome toils;
Still may the buds unſullied ſpring,
Still ſhowers and ſunſhine court thy wing
To theſe ambroſial ſpoils.

IV.

Nor ſhall my Muſe hereafter fail
Her fellow-labourer thee to hail;
And lucky be the ſtrains!
For long ago did nature frame
Your ſeaſons and your arts the ſame,
Your pleaſures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly, ſylvan ſcenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens
My Muſe delighted plays;
Nor through the deſart of the air,
Though ſwans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition ſtrays.

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts
Will ſhe her cares imploy;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From ſuperſtition's horrid glooms,
To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will ſhe tempt the barren waſte;
Nor deigns the lurking ſtrength to taſte
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with ſcorn to envy's uſe
The inſipid nightſhade's baneful juice,
The nettle's ſordid ſting.

VIII.

VIII.

From all which nature faireſt knows,
The vernal blooms, the ſummer roſe,
She draws her blameleſs wealth;
And, when the generous taſk is done,
She conſecrates a double boon,
To pleaſure and to health.

ODE II.

On the WINTER SOLSTICE,

MDCCXL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintery goal attains;
Soon to reverſe the long career,
And northward bend his ſteady reins.
Now, piercing half Potoſi's height,
Prone ruſh the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's ſilver ſtores;
While in ſome cavern's horrid ſhade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deſerted coaſt
How pale the ſun! how thick the air!
Muſtering his ſtorms, a ſordid hoſt,
Lo, winter deſolates the year.

The

The fields reſign their lateſt bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the ſtreams in muſic roll:
But ſnows fall dark, or rains reſound;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human ſoul.

III.

Hence the loud city's buſy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ſplendid fire:
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs
Againſt the ſpiteful heaven conſpire,
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is ſunk, and deep the road;
She ſighs, and wonders at his ſtay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's returning force:
Even now he climbs the northern ſkies,
And health and hope attend his courſe.
Then louder howl the aërial waſte,
Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And fancy, mocking winter's might,
With flowers and dews and ſtreaming light
Already decks the new-born ſpring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each hovering tempeſt fly,
Whoſe ſtores for miſchief arm the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Preſume o'er nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to uſe
The indulgence of the ſovran cauſe;
Secure that health and beauty ſprings
Through this majeſtic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that heaven's all-ſubduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every ſtate below.

VII.

How pleaſing wears the wintery night,
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem thoſe awful ſcenes to tread
Where chiefs or legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye

In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taſte the Ionian ſong,
Now bend to Plato's god-like tongue
Reſounding through the olive ſhade.

VIII.

But ſhould ſome chearful, equal friend
Bid leave the ſtudious page a while,
Let mirth on wiſdom then attend,
And ſocial eaſe on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncareful ſhrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each boſom warm,
While abſence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the ſlow-returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
When will thy genial ſtar ariſe?
The auſpicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her ſylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye ſilver-ſounding lyres,
Ye tender ſmiles, ye chaſte deſires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of abſence die:
Then ſhall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with ſweeter ſound
Purſue the free Horatian ſong:
Old Tyne ſhall liſten to my tale,
And Echo down the bordering vale
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE III.

To a FRIEND, UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wiſhes gain
Had e'er diſturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or coſt one ſerious moment's pain,
I ſhould have ſaid that all the rules,
You learn'd of moraliſts and ſchools,
Were very uſeleſs, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps miſtake the caſe—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You try the tender loſs to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my cenſure ſtrangely wrong
To count it ſuch a ſlight affair?

III.

When Heſper gilds the ſhaded ſky,
Oft as you ſeek the well-known grove,
Methinks I ſee you caſt your eye
Back to the morning ſcenes of love:
Each pleaſing word you heard her ſay,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your ſtruggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your ſoul intire?
Does Wiſdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you queſtion each deſire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-ſtarting from your eye?
No kindling bluſh you know not why?
No ſtealing ſigh, nor ſtifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whoſe hand hath ſeiz'd the favorite good
Which you reſerv'd for happier years:
While, ſide by ſide, the bluſhing maid
Shrinks from his viſage, half-afraid,
Spite of the fickly joy ſhe wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaſte, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.

O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty ſold!

VII.

Ceaſe then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy ſhe your bliſs to prove;
Then wherefore ſhould ſhe prove your care?
No: lay your myrtle garland down;
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favor'd ſteps again,
Behold your better genius ſtand:
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honor's ſhrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on theſe your ruling aim,
And Time, the fire of manly care,
Will Fancy's dazzling colors tame
A ſoberer dreſs will Beauty wear:
Then ſhall Eſteem by Knowledge led
Inthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, ſome truer fair.

ODE VI.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE

TO THE SAME.

I.

YES: you contemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favorite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart ſhould home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falſehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
Or once diſſemble your diſdain,
Or liſten to the ſyren's theme,
Or ſtoop to love: ſince now eſteem,
And confidence, and friendſhip, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When ſummoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or croſs her walk with ſlight reſpect,
(For ſo is falſehood beſt repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your ſtruggling tongue ſo ſlow?
What means that darkneſs on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apoſtate to upbraid?

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suſpicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unſeen,
The ſorcereſs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I ſee a pale ſuffuſion riſe;
And ſoon through every vein,
Soon will her ſecret venom ſpread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent ſtain.

III.

Then many a demon will ſhe raiſe
To vex your ſleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the dark tempeſt of the brain,
As lightning ſhines acroſs the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candor move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reaſon would applaud,

Now, ſmiling o'er her dark diſtreſs,
Fancy malignant ſtrives to dreſs
Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewel to Virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you ſtoop to act the crimes
Which thus you ſtoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
Begins with wrongs of ſuch a ſtain,
What horrors form the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suſpicion waits the ſullen hour
Of fretfulneſs and ſtrife,
When care the infirmer boſom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the ſeats of life.

VII.

But come, forſake the ſcene unbleſs'd
Which firſt beheld your faithful breaſt
To groundleſs fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The ſkies, the ſtreams, the groves conſpire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the ſun's deſcending car,
What power unſeen diffuſeth far
This tenderneſs of mind?

What genius ſmiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whiſpers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whoſe wiſdom our untoward frame
With ſocial love reſtrains;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'ſt us to double all our joys
And half diſarm our pains;

X.

Let univerſal candor ſtill,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preſerve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One ſordid doubt within me raiſe
To injure human kind.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the ſhades of evening cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire.
——Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected ſcene,

While

While rouz'd by grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that ſtorms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning ſound
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom,
Till ſtarting horror ſhakes the room.
Is there in nature no kind power
To ſooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintery ſhades to pleaſe?
Come, Cheerfulneſs, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleaſure's queen,
Aſſwage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Compoſe my jarring thoughts to reſt;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.
As once ('twas in Aſtræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye
The year's returning pomp to ſpy.
He ſaw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the roſy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were ſhedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora paſs'd,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt.

But, faireſt of the blooming throng,
When Health majeſtic mov'd along,
Delighted to ſurvey below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And ſwains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty love her charms confeſs'd,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And, known from that auſpicious morn,
The pleaſing Cheerfulneſs was born.

Thou, Cheerfulneſs, by heaven deſign'd
To ſway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To diſarrange the power within,
And ſtrain the muſical machine;
Thou, Goddeſs, thy attempering hand
Doth each diſcordant ſtring command,
Refines the ſoft, and ſwells the ſtrong;
And, joining nature's general ſong,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human ſouls.

Fair guardian of domeſtic life,
Kind baniſher of homebred ſtrife,
Nor ſullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by:
No ſickening huſband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining-mother weeps the cares
Which parents waſte on thankleſs heirs:

The

The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With ſongs from thee their walks reſound;
And morn with welcome luſtre ſhines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whoſe anxious heart
Labors with love's unpitied ſmart?
Though now he ſtray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waſte the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debaſe the ſtory of his pain
With flaviſh looks, diſcolor'd eyes,
And accents faltering into ſighs;
Yet thou, auſpicious power, with eaſe
Canſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muſe and all her train,
For thee I court the Muſe again:
The Muſe for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondeſt art,
Who owes to thee that pleaſing ſway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have ſung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight.

To

Thy hand each Leſbian wreathe attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inſpir'd:
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the inlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.
But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſs'd,
Or blooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſart ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewel.
Alone he treads the autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damps aſcend,
And gathering ſtorms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole:
Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by every horrid ſound,
He aſks a clue for Nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He ſees ten thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And chance and fate aſſume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;

Compoſe

Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpell the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding cauſe,
Who founds on diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues each hoſtile form to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſs'd.

O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſoothe to peace intruding care.
But moſt exert thy pleaſing power
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wiſdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cauſe
Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But, if by fortune's ſtubborn ſway,
From him and Friendſhip torn away,
I court the Muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,

Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent placid themes,
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may cheer
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear,
Yet leave that ſacred ſenſe of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themſelves did human kind
Contrive the parts by heaven aſſign'd
On life's wide ſcene to play:
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæſar's ſkill
Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
If fortune cloſe the way.

II.

Yet ſtill the ſelf-depending ſoul,
Though laſt and leaſt in fortune's roll,
His proper ſphere commands;
And knows what nature's ſeal beſtow'd,
And ſees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he ſtands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who reſcued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,

My heart with diſtant homage views;
Content if thou, celeſtial Muſe,
Didſt rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legiſlator's ſeat
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider ſhall his rule be found,
More laſting his award.

V.

Lycurgus faſhion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave univerſal ſway:
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer ſhall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sidney ſhall with Cato reſt,
And Ruſſel move the patriot's breaſt
No more than Brutus now;

VII.

Yet then ſhall Shakeſpeare's powerful art
O'er every paſſion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants ſhall bow before his laws;
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cauſe,
Their dread aſſertor own.

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muſe's ſober ſeat;
Where dealing frugal gifts around
To all the favorites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame
For paſſive, perſevering toils;
And left, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind ſhould ſcorn her homely ſpoils,
he breathes maternal fogs to damp its reſtleſs flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zephyr blew:
The marſhy levels lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:
The Naiads, with obſcene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;
While round them chaunt the croking choir,
And haply ſooth ſome lover's prudent woe,
r prompt ſome reſtive Bard, and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom ſober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:
She render'd all his boaſted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in ſpite remove.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour ſhares:
Hence dread religion dwells with ſocial joy;
And holy paſſions and unſullied cares,
In youth, in age, domeſtic life employ.
O fair Britannia, hail!—With partial love
The tribes of men their native ſeats approve,
Unjuſt and hoſtile to each foreign fame:
But when for generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applauſe,
There public zeal ſhall all reproof diſclaim.

ODE IX.

TO CURIO*.

MDCC XLIV.

I.

THRICE hath the ſpring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting graſp'd the tuneful ſhell:
Eager through endleſs years to ſound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine ſhould dwell.
How haſt thou ſtain'd the ſplendor of my choice!
Thoſe godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown?
What can I now of thee to time report,
Save thy fond country made thy impious ſport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II. Then

[* See the "Epiſtle to Curio," in this volume.]

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckleſs heart
Who ſaw thee from thy ſummit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe.
But, ſpite of every gloſs of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's luſtre blinds,
Who ſagely prove that each man hath his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy aim from blemiſh free,
I yet, even yet, believe it, ſpite of thee
And all thy painted pleas to greatneſs and to vice.

III.

" Thou didſt not dream of liberty decay'd,
" Nor wiſh to make her guardian laws more ſtrong:
" But the raſh many, firſt by thee miſled,
" Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old
For faith deſerted or for cities ſold,
Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed;
One myſtery of ſhame from Curio learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
And ſcape in guilt's diſguiſe from virtue's offer'd meed.

IV.

For ſaw we not that dangerous power avow'd
Whom freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
Whom public wiſdom ever ſtrove to exclude,
And but with bluſhes ſuffereth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching ſpoils,
O'er court, o'er ſenate, ſpread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herſelf the ſtates directing ſoul:

Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
With eloquence and reaſon at his ſide,
By ſtrength of holier ſpells the inchantreſs to conta

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends:
The reſcued merchant oft thy words reſounds:
Thee and thy cauſe the rural hearth defends:
His bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns:
The learn'd recluſe, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit ſcan:
While he, whom virtue in his bleſt retreat
Bade ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Aſcends the civil ſcene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
We ſaw thy ſpirit through the ſenate reign;
And freedom's friends thy inſtant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the ſtrife the public Genius roſe
More keen, more ardent from his long repoſe:
Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
Each crouded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his power,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vaſt event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they rowl;
And watch the fleeting ſhapes in Curio's mind,
And ſteer his paſſions ready to the goal.

O Ye

O Alfred, father of the Engliſh name,
O valiant Edward, firſt in civil fame,
O William, height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye
Behold the ſum of all your labors nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule ſecure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O ſhame! O ſoul from faith eſtrang'd!
O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!
'Twas then—Thy thought what ſudden frenzy chang'd?
What ruſhing palſy took thy ſtrength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cauſe approv'd?
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd?
Whom the dead envy'd, and the living bleſs'd?
This patient ſlave by tinſel bonds allur'd?
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd?
Whom thoſe that fear'd him, ſcorn; that truſted him, deteſt?

IX.

O loſt alike to action and repoſe!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Sold to the mockery of relentleſs foes,
And doom'd to exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deſerter's dull exploded part,
To ſlight the favor thou canſt hope no more,
Renounce the giddy croud, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightneſs on thy country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign ſhore.

X.

But England's ſons, to purchaſe thence applauſe,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of ſlaves pretend,
By courtly paſſions try the public cauſe;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manlieſt paſſions mov'd,
The labors which to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Prompt with a lover's fondneſs to ſurvey;
Yet, where injuſtice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

Theſe thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honor, dwell
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep tempeſtuous gloom
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorcerer's cell.
Before her rites thy ſickening reaſon flew,
Divine perſuaſion from thy tongue withdrew,
While laughter mock'd, or pity ſtole a ſigh:
Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the ſoul is lame?
Can fancy's feeble ſprings the force of truth ſupply?

XII.

But come: 'tis time: ſtrong deſtiny impends
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd:
With princes fill'd, the ſolemn fane aſcends,
By Infamy, the mindful demon ſway'd.
There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waſte,

For

For ever through the ſpacious courts reſound:
There long poſterity's united groan
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,
Aſſail the giant chiefs, and preſs them to the ground.

XIII.

In ſight old Time, imperious judge, awaits:
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, juſt,
He urgeth onward to thoſe guilty gates
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt.
And ſtill he aſks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began,
Evolves their ſecrets and their guilt proclaims:
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying Bards beſtow'd,
And cruſh their trophies huge, and raſe their ſculptur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty ſhades, ariſe, give place, attend:
Here his eternal manſion Curio ſeeks:
—Low doth proud Wentworth to the ſtranger bend,
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford ſpeaks:
"He comes, whom Fate with furer arts prepar'd
"To accompliſh all which we but vainly dar'd:
"Whom o'er the ſtubborn herd ſhe taught to reign:
"Who ſooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging power
"Even to its laſt irrevocable hour;
"Then baffled their rude ſtrength, and broke them
"to the chain."

XV. But

XV.

But ye, whom yet wiſe Liberty inſpires,
Whom for her champions o'er the world ſhe claim
(That houſehold godhead whom of old your ſires
Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thame
Drive ye this hoſtile omen far away;
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone
Still gird your ſwords to combat on her ſide;
Still frame your laws her generous teſt to abide;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Proteſt her from yourſelves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath ſpread that ſelfiſh fierceneſs through your bloo
Which not her lighteſt diſcipline indures:
Snatch from fantaſtic demagogues her cauſe:
Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
A wiſer founder, and a nobler plan,
O ſons of Alfred, were for you aſſign'd:
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no ſublimer lot will fate reſerve for man.

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my ſongs, harmonious maid,
Ah why haſt thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah why forſaken thus my breaſt
With inauſpicious damps oppreſs'd?

Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my boſom wont to beat?
Where all the bright myſterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful ſtreams,
That woo'd my genius to divineſt themes?

II.

Say, goddeſs, can the feſtal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid the Elyſian train,
The ſoul of Milton ſhall I gain,
To win thee back with ſome celeſtial ſtrain?

III.

O powerful ſtrain! O ſacred ſoul!
His numbers every ſenſe controul;
And now again my boſom burns;
The Muſe, the Muſe herſelf, returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confeſs'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal gueſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeal'd me for her own,
Made all her bliſsful treaſures known,
And bade me ſwear to follow Her alone.

ODE XI.

ON LOVE. To a FRIEND.

I.

NO, fooliſh youth—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footſteps from the croud,
Lean not to Love's inchanting ſnare;
His ſongs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of juſt renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful ſpoils
The flowery pomp of eaſe adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy ſloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou haſt read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breaſt,
The pleaſing tale of Beauty's praiſe
In Wiſdom's lofty language dreſs'd;
Of Beauty powerful to impart
Each finer ſenſe, each comelier art,
And ſooth and poliſh man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit ſecure,
Thus far alone thy wiſhes tend,
Go; ſee the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk deſcend:
Go, while the golden light ſerene,
The grove, the lawn, the ſoften'd ſcene,
Becomes the preſence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each boſom, each deſire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes ſtrung
And touch'd by chaſte Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the color of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet, conſcious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my ſteps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reaſon's watchful ſway.
But thou, my friend—I hear thy ſighs:
Alas, I read thy downcaſt eyes;
And thy tongue falters; and thy color flies.

VII.

So ſoon again to meet the fair?
So penſive all this abſent hour?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.

In vain with friendſhip's flattering name
Thy paſſion veils its inward ſhame;
Friendſhip, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I ſought a gentle maid, to prove
What peaceful joys in friendſhip reign:
Whence we forſooth might ſafely ſtand,
And pitying view the love-ſick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent paſs'd the cloudleſs day,
To ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe reſign'd;
While I exulted to ſurvey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendſhip ſoon my languid breaſt
Each night with unknown cares poſſeſs'd,
Daſh'd my coy ſlumbers, or my dreams diſtreſs'd.

X.

Fool that I was!—And now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic ſtrain,
Unleſs I ſhun Olympia's view,
An hour unſays it all again.
O friend!—when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every paſſion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wiſe?

ODE XII.

To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet.

I.

BEHOLD; the balance in the ſky
Swift on the wintery ſcale inclines:
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare paſtures Pan reſigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erſpread
With recent ſoil the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
He whets the ruſty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harveſt throws.

II.

Now, London's buſy confines round,
By Kenſington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough deſcent profound,
Eſſexian heaths, or Kentiſh bowers,
Where'er I paſs, I ſee approach
Some rural ſtateſman's eager coach
Hurried by ſenatorial cares:
Where rural nymphs (alike within,
Aſpiring courtly praiſe to win)
Debate their dreſs, reform their airs.

III. Say,

III.

Say, what can now the country boaſt,
O Drake, thy footſteps to detain,
When peeviſh winds and gloomy froſt
The ſunſhine of the temper ſtain?
Say, are the prieſts of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Naſſau
Each bold Weſſexian ſquire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much; and gueſs at leaſt
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that ſacred feaſt
Thou better may'ſt obſerve with me.
With me the ſulphurous treaſon old
A far inferior part ſhall hold
In that glad day's triumphal ſtrain;
And generous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the Gaſcon's fragrant wine
With modeſt cups our joy ſupplies,
We'll truly thank the power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot riſe;
Riſe from heroic eaſe (the ſpoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,

From Belgium to her ſavior ſon)
Riſe with the ſame unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd, her ſhrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our ſhore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled;
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific rage and vaſſal dread.
There ſunk the mouldering Gothic reign:
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my friend, let bleſſings crown:
—Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou haſt that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore ſhould we part
The public and the private weal?)
In vows to her who ſways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the ſoft ornaments that ſpeak
So eloquent in Daphne's ſmile,
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For ſo it is. Thy ſtubborn breaſt,
Though touch'd by many a ſlighter wound,
Hath no full conqueſt yet confeſs'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found.
While I, a true and loyal ſwain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying ſeaſons own.
Her genius ſtill my boſom warms:
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ODE XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Theſpian choir,
And taſte the inſpiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful ſtrain—
And lo, with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and opening ſhades,
Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat:
And now at large I drink the ſound,
While theſe her offspring, liſtening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I ſee Anacreon ſmile and ſing,
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes taught by wine to bloom.

Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me liſten to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in ſmooth dance the light-wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe and a threatening hand
The * Leſbian patriot ſmites the ſounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Though now ye glory in your luſt,
Though now ye tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cauſe.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of love:
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſs'd?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breaſt?
Say, flies he?—Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He ſoon ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows?—He ſhall grieve,
And ſoon to all thy wiſhes bow.

* Alcæus.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold, the * man of Thebes appears:
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame,

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy purer ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
Wilt thou for Albion's ſons around
(Ne'er hadſt thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts imploy,
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore
Through Greece thy lyre's perſuaſive language bo
Till towns and iſles and ſeas return'd the vocal joy

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleaſure's lawleſs throng,
Oft ruſhing forth in looſe attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful ſong,
Pollute with impious revels dire.

O

* Pindar.

O fair, O chaſte, thy echoing ſhade
May no foul diſcord here invade:
Nor let thy ſtrings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her ſocial tribes may hear,
And Heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The faireſt flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy ſtrings adapt their varied ſtrain
To every pleaſure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumbering earth,
Let me, O Muſe, thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let Wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd eaſe reſign'd,
I quit the maze where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works ingage.

IV. 2.

When Friendſhip and when letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my ſimple board,
Then let thy blameleſs hand call forth
The muſic of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O! ſeek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To Beauty link'd with Virtue's train,
To Love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incenſe on the veſtal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Leſbian lyre
From thee, O Muſe, do I require;

While my preſaging mind,
Conſcious of powers ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate ſubmits to be confin'd.

ODE XIV.

To the HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND: FROM THE COUNTRY.

SAY, Townſhend, what can London boaſt
To pay thee for the pleaſures loſt,
The health to-day reſign'd;
When Spring from this her favorite ſeat
Bade Winter haſten his retreat,
And met the weſtern wind.

II.

Oh knew'ſt thou how the balmy air,
The ſun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noiſy courts ingage;
In vain would lying Faſhion's rage
Thy ſacred leiſure claim.

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the ſtudious volume tir'd
I ſought the open day;
And ſure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy lay.

IV.

But ah in vain my reſtleſs feet
Trac'd every ſilent ſhady ſeat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurſe ſome infant oak
They turn the ſlowly-tinkling brook
And catch the pearly ſhowers,
Or bruſh the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noon-tide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with Spring renew,
The eyes of care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their gueſt,
Since grief of love my ſoul oppreſs'd,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But ſoon ſhall thy enlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inſpire:
Then will the ſylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And liſten to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely ſhade
A ruſtic altar ſhall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd:
And thou the inſcription wilt approve;
"This for the peace which, loſt by love,
"By friendſhip was reclaim'd."

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven
With young Endymion ſtrays:
And now to Heſper is it given
Awhile to rule the vacant ſky,
Till ſhe ſhall to her lamp ſupply
A ſtream of lighter rays.

II.

O Heſper, while the ſtarry throng
With awe thy path ſurrounds,
Oh liſten to my ſuppliant ſong,
If haply now the vocal ſphere
Can ſuffer thy delighted ear
To ſtoop to mortal ſounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial ſtrain
Thee ſtill invoke to ſhine:
So may the bride's unmarried train

To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With luſtre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows muſt I prefer
To thy indulgent power.
Alas, but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in queſt I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious ſend thy golden ray,
Thou pureſt light above:
Let no falſe flame ſeduce to ſtray
Where gulph or ſteep lie hid for harm:
But lead where muſic's healing charm
May ſooth afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful ſong
In happier ſeaſons vow'd,
Theſe lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Oft by yon ſilver ſtream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copſes ſtood.

VII.

Nor ſeldom, where the beachen boughs
That roofleſs tower invade,
We come while her inchanting Muſe
The radiant moon above us held:
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the ſolemn ſhade.

VIII.

But hark; I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Heſper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moſs o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whoſe hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green ſpace: on either hand
Inlarg'd it ſpreads around:
See, in the midſt ſhe takes her ſtand,
Where one old oak his awful ſhade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Inclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How ſweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends:
The ſtars ſhine out: the foreſt bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this ſequeſter'd ſpot,
If then the plaintive Syren ſing,
Oh ſoftly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's diſpoſing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal ſtage,
What mournful ſcenes ariſe:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:
How often virtue dwells with woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How ſwiftly pleaſure flies.

XIII.

O ſacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counſel oft receive,
Bear witneſs to thy penſive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M.D.

I.

WITH ſordid floods the wintery * Urn
Hath ſtain'd fair Richmond's level green:
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic ſcene.
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or ſky
Surveys as in their Author's mind:
And London ſhelters from the year
Thoſe whom thy ſocial hours to ſhare
The Attic Muſe deſign'd.

II. From

* Aquarius.

II.

From Hampſtead's airy ſummit me
Her gueſt the city ſhall behold,
What day the people's ſtern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
Before the ſun, the anointed head.
Then ſeek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful ſhade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The ſacred martyr of the day,
By faſt and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this, on humble faith I reſt
That ſtill our advocate, the prieſt,
From heavenly wrath will ſave the land:
Nor aſk what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent ſounds reſtrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and ſtate!
That evening, let the Muſe give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my firſt youth inamor'd ſaw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,

What to purſue in Virgil's lay:
Till hope aſcends to loftieſt things,
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar ſway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labor lies,
And Engliſh fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chaſtize:
While hand in hand, at wiſdom's ſhrine,
Beauty with truth I ſtrive to join,
And grave aſſent with glad applauſe;
To paint the ſtory of the ſoul,
And Plato's viſions to control
By Verulamian * laws.

O D E XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GL

M DCC XLVII.

I.

COME then, tell me, ſage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our boſoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleaſure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treaſure,

* Verulam gave one of his titles to Franci
Novum Organum.

So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reaſon's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to ſpurn at noble praiſe
Be the paſs-port to thy heaven,
Follow thou thoſe gloomy ways;
No ſuch law to me was given,
Nor, I truſt, ſhall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place deſire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

ODE XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

M DCC XLVII.

I. 1.

THE wiſe and great of every clime,
Through all the ſpacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muſe her power diſplay'd,
With joy have liſten'd and obey'd.
For, taught of heaven, the ſacred Nine
Perſuaſive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal ſenſe impart:
They beſt the ſoul with glory fire;
They nobleſt counſels, boldeſt deeds inſpire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2.

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their charm
The vengeful boſom to diſarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's ſword,
An equal empire claim?
No, Haſtings. Thou my words will own:
Thy breaſt the gifts of every Muſe hath known;
Nor ſhall the giver's love diſgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muſe's awful art,
And the bleſt function of the Poet's tongue,
Ne'er ſhalt thou bluſh to honour; to aſſert
From all that ſcorned vice or ſlaviſh fear hath ſung.
Nor ſhall the blandiſhment of Tuſcan ſtrings
Warbling at will in pleaſure's myrtle bower;
Nor ſhall the ſervile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minſtrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to ſpurn the heavenly Muſe's reign.
A different ſtrain,
And other themes
From her prophetic ſhades and hallow'd ſtreams
(Thou well canſt witneſs) meet the purged ear:
Such, as when Greece to her immortal ſhell
Rejoicing liſten'd, godlike ſounds to hear;
To hear the ſweet inſtructreſs tell

(Wh

(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its nobleſt uſe may find,
How well for freedom be reſign'd;
nd how, by glory, virtue ſhall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's ſtrain
To many a kind domeſtic train,
Whoſe pious hearth and genial bowl
Had chear'd the reverend pilgrim's ſoul:
When, every hoſpitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He ſtruck his magic ſtrings;
And pour'd ſpontaneous numbers forth,
And ſeiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
nd fill'd their muſing hearts with vaſt heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy ſpirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming ſhell,
Oft near him, with applauding hands,
The genius of his country ſtands.
To liſtening gods he makes him known,
That man divine, by whom were ſown
The ſeeds of Grecian fame:
Who firſt the race with freedom fir'd;
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's ſons inſpir'd;
rom whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O nobleſt, happieſt age!
When Ariſtides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar ſaw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft ſhalt thou be hail'd of me:
Not that Apollo fed thee from his ſhrine;
Not that thy lips drank ſweetneſs from the bee;
Nor yet that, ſtudious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their meaſure with the ſylvan throng:
But that thy ſong
Was proud to unfold
What thy baſe rulers trembled to behold;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Perſian ſhame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muſe's law didſt rightly know;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raiſe,
Muſt feel his own with all her ſpirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
Whoſe verſe adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes?
Who ſaw majeſtic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted Bard,
No, not the ſtrains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,

* Octavianus Cæſar.

Dare to the Muſe's ear aſpire;
Save that, inſtructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their ſhameful taſk they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How ſimply, how ſeverely great!
Then turn, and, while each weſtern clime
Preſents her tuneful ſons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
"The ſpirit which inform'd thy awful ſong,
"Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's "fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage purſues;
While from theſe arduous cares of public weal
She bids each Bard begone, and reſt him with his Muſe.
O fool! to think the man, whoſe ample mind
Muſt graſp at all that yonder ſtars ſurvey;
Muſt join the nobleſt forms of every kind,
The world's moſt perfect image to diſplay,
Can e'er his country's majeſty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whoſe thought muſt viſit every theme,
Whoſe heart muſt every ſtrong emotion know

Inſpir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;
That he, if haply ſome preſumptuous foe,
With falſe ignoble ſcience fraught,
Shall ſpurn at freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will ſhun,
Or hide their glories from the ſun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the ſportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muſe's quire
Content with poliſh'd eaſe retire.
Where prieſts the ſtudious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honors to an hateful lord,
Reſerv'd for angry heaven, and ſcorn'd of honeſt fame

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant ſons is known;
Where all are conſcious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, ſhares;
Here let the Bard, whoſe daſtard tongue
Leaves public arguments unſung,
Bid public praiſe farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull myſterious monks to ſlumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Haſtings, not to all
Can ruling heaven the ſame endowments lend:
Yet ſtill doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though ſtrains divine
Inform the boſom of the Muſe's ſon;
Though with new honors the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the ſuffrage of impartial fame.
The poet's name
He beſt ſhall prove,
Whoſe lays the ſoul with nobleſt paſſions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to ſeverer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a choſen mould,
The grateful country of thy ſires,
Thee to ſublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy ſires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
hough Gaul's proud genius ſank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and ſubject farms,
They led the ruſtic youth to arms;
And kings their ſtern atchievements fear'd;
While private ſtrife their banners rear'd.
But loftier ſcenes to thee are ſhown,
Where empire's wide-eſtabliſh'd throne

No private maſter fills:
Where, long foretold, the People reigns:
Where each a vaſſal's humble heart diſdains;
And judgeth what he ſees; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The ſwelling democratic tide;
To watch the ſtate's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that ſervile band, who kneel
To freedom's baniſh'd foes;
That monſter, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counſel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis higheſt heaven's command,
That guilty aims ſhould fordid paths purſue;
That what enſnares the heart ſhould maim the hand,
And virtue's worthleſs foes be falſe to glory too.
But look on freedom. See, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath ſhe diſdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what prieſtly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or ſuſtain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the ſtrains
Of happy ſwains,
Which now reſound
Where Scarſdale's cliffs the ſwelling paſtures bound,
Bear witneſs. There, oft let the farmer hail
The ſacred orchard which imbowers his gate,

And

And ſhew to ſtrangers paſſing down the vale,
Where Ca'ndiſh, Booth, and Oſborne ſate;
When, burſting from their country's chain,
Even in the midſt of deadly harms,
Of papal ſnares and lawleſs arms,
They plann'd for freedom this her nobleſt reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, theſe laws, this public care,
Which Naſſau gave us all to ſhare,
Had ne'er adorn'd the Engliſh name,
Could fear have ſilenc'd freedom's claim.
But fear in vain attempts to bind
Thoſe lofty efforts of the mind
Which ſocial good inſpires;
Where men, for this, aſſault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own;
And each unconquer'd heart the ſtrength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbrued?
When fortune crown'd the barbarous hoſt,
And half the aſtoniſh'd iſle was loſt?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durſt one in arms appear?
Durſt one in counſels pledge his life?
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the ſtrife?
Or lend his boaſted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

VI. 3.

Yet, Haſtings, theſe are they
Who challenge to themſelves thy country's love;
The true; the conſtant: who alone can weigh,
What glory ſhould demand, or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the taſks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking ſlander, were deſign'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honeſt praiſe
Oft nobly ſways
Ingenuous youth:
But, ſought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praiſe is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that ſublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the hiſtorian and the bard
Diſpoſe of honor and of ſcorn;
Diſcern the patriot from the ſlave;
And write the good, the wiſe, the brave,
For leſſons to the multitude unborn.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST

BOOK THE SECOND.

ODE I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE:

Suppoſed to have been ſpoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subſcription.

M DCCXLIX.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakeſpeare's tongue you deign to underſtand,
Lo, from the bliſsful bowers where Heaven rewards
Inſtructive Sages and unblemiſh'd Bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the ſtage,
Intent to learn, in this diſcerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taſte,
That thus at length our homely toils you ſpurn,
That thus to foreign ſcenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.
What, though the footſteps of my devious Muſe
The meaſur'd walks of Grecian art refuſe?
Or though the frankneſs of my hardy ſtyle
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I ſurvey'd and fearleſs drew.

And

And ſay, ye ſkillful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a Poet's nobleſt part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I ſaw this England break the shameful bands
Forg'd for the ſouls of men by ſacred hands:
I ſaw each groaning realm her aid implore;
Her ſons the heroes of each warlike ſhore:
Her naval ſtandard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coaſt her eager ſails unfurl'd:
New hopes, new paſſions, thence the boſom fir'd;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inſpir'd;
Thence every ſcene, which private fortune knows,
In ſtronger life, with bolder ſpirit, roſe.
  Diſgrac'd I this full proſpect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my ſtrokes untrue?
Have not your ſages, warriors, ſwains, and kings,
Confeſs'd the living draught of men and things?
What other Bard in any clime appears
Alike the maſter of your ſmiles and tears?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to intice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various ſcenes a purpoſe known
Which Freedom, Virtue, Glory, might not own?
  Such from the firſt was my dramatic plan;
It ſhould be yours to crown what I began:
And now that England ſpurns her Gothic chain,
And equal laws and ſocial ſcience reign,

I thought

I thought, Now ſurely ſhall my zealous eyes
View nobler Bards and juſter Critics riſe,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our ſtately Muſe more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive ſpeech,
Till rival nations liſten at her feet,
And own her poliſh'd as they own'd her great.
But do you thus my favorite hopes fulfil?
Is France at laſt the ſtandard of your ſkill?
Alas for you! that ſo betray a mind
Of art unconſcious, and to beauty blind.
Say; does her language your ambition raiſe,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phraſe,
Which fetters eloquence to ſcantieſt bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic ſounds?
Say; does your humble admiration chuſe
The gentle prattle of her Comic Muſe,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to ſay nought but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your ſympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic ſcene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on ſoft deſire,
And heroes never, but for love, expire?
No. Though the charms of novelty, a while,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtleſs ſmile,
Yet not for you deſign'd indulgent fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon ſtate.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope miſleads,

If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtſhip would an audience deign,
Or thoſe chaſte matrons a Pariſian wife
Chuſe for the model of domeſtic life;
Or if one youth of all that generous band,
The ſtrength and ſplendor of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying ſmiles Oppreſſion's pomp to ſee,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.
O bleſt at home with juſtly-envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cauſe,
Whom Heaven hath choſen at each dangerous hor
To check the inroads of barbaric power,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the ſocial world from bonds and ſhame
Oh let not luxury's fantaſtic charms
Thus give the lye to your heroic arms:
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Diſhoneſt leſſons from that vaunting race,
Whom Fate's dread laws (for, in eternal Fate,
Deſpotic Rule was heir to Freedom's hate)
Whom, in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counſel, and in pleaſing art,
The Judge of earth predeſtin'd for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppoſe.

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

THOU ſilent power, whoſe welcome ſway
Charms every anxious thought away;
In whoſe divine oblivion drown'd,
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And grief forgets her fondly-cheriſh'd wound;
O whither haſt thou flown, indulgent god?
God of kind ſhadows and of healing dews,
Whom doſt thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
Around whoſe temples now thy opiate airs diffuſe?

II.

Lo, midnight from her ſtarry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie huſh'd in ſleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that ſkim the cryſtal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky ſteep.
No ruſhing winds diſturb the tufted bowers;
No wakeful ſound the moon-light valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving ſcene to more profound repoſe.

III.

O let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain!
Deſcend, propitious, on my eyes;

Nor

Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly ſtateſman's down,
Nor where the miſer and his treaſure lies:
Bring not the ſhapes that break the murderer's reſt,
Nor thoſe the hireling ſoldier loves to ſee,
Nor thoſe which haunt the bigot's gloomy breaſt:
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

IV.

Nor yet thoſe awful forms preſent,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:
The figur'd braſs, the choral ſong,
The reſcued people's glad applauſe,
The liſtening ſenate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counſels of * Timoleon's tongue,
Are ſcenes too grand for Fortune's private ways;
And though they ſhine in youth's ingenuous view,
The ſober gainful arts of modern days
To ſuch romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

I aſk not, god of dreams, thy care
To baniſh Love's preſentments fair:
Nor roſy cheek nor radiant eye
Can arm him with ſuch ſtrong command
That the young ſorcerer's fatal hand
Shall round my ſoul his pleaſing fetters tie.

Nor

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuſe from the tyranny of Dionyſius, the people on every important deliberation ſent for him into the public aſſembly, aſked his advice, and voted according to it. PLUTARCH.

Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving ſmile
(A lighter phantom, and a baſer chain)
Did e'er in ſlumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according ſtrain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable viſions bring,
As ſooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he ſaw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or ſuch as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treaſures, by his art explor'd,
Have ſav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling ſire his age's hope reſtor'd.

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O Ruſtic herald of the ſpring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Faſt by the brook I hear thee ſing;
And, ſtudious of thy homely tale,
Amid the veſpers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy ſage reſponſe hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy ſolemn accent drown'd
Some ſweeter Poet of the ſhade,
Thus, thought I, thus the ſons of care
Some conſtant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I ſaid, "While Philomela's ſong
"Proclaims the paſſion of the grove,
"It ill beſeems a cuckow's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove"—
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the ſober truth to hear,
The ſober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other bleſs'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and ſwain's conſenting breaſt,
How cuckow-like in Cupid's ſchool,
With ſtore of grave prudential ſaws
On Fortune's power and Cuſtom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom Love and Hope and Fancy ſway,
Who every harſher care diſdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,

Think that, in April's faireſt hours,
To warbling ſhades and painted flowers
The cuckow joins his lay.

ODE IV.

To the HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND,

IN THE COUNTRY.

MDCCL.

I. 1.

HOW oft ſhall I ſurvey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood ſhade,
The vale with ſheaves o'erſpread,
The glaſſy brook, the flocks which round thee ſtray?
When will thy cheerful mind
Of theſe have utter'd all her dear eſteem?
Or, tell me, doſt thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilſome race,
But here content imbrace
That happy leiſure which thou hadſt reſign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful ſport the ſoul could ſhare,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her ſimpler powers;

Oft as your winged train
Reviſit here my friend in white array,
O fail not to diſplay
Each fairer ſcene where I perchance had part,
That ſo his generous heart
The abode of even Friendſhip may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loſs to come,
I ſaw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet aſcending to another home
Where public Praiſe and envied Greatneſs dwel
But ſhall we therefore, O my lyre,
Reprove ambition's beſt deſire?
Extinguiſh Glory's flame?
Far other was the taſk injoin'd
When to my hand thy ſtrings were firſt aſſig
Far other faith belongs to Friendſhip's honor'd

II. 2.

Thee, Townſhend, not the arms
Of ſlumbering Eaſe, nor Pleaſure's roſy chain,
Were deſtin'd to detain:
No, nor bright Science, nor the Muſe's charm
For them high Heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenſer's hand
Have deign'd to ſtrike the warbling Tuſcan ſh
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to ſhield
'he cauſe which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
Or that, like Vere, diſplay'd
lis redcroſs banner o'er the Belgian field;
Yet where the will divine
ath ſhut thoſe loftieſt paths, it next remains,
With reaſon clad in ſtrains
f harmony, ſelected minds to inſpire,
And Virtue's living fire
'o feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never ſhall the herd, whom Envy ſways,
So quell my purpoſe or my tongue control,
That I ſhould fear illuſtrious worth to praiſe,
Becauſe its maſter's friendſhip mov'd my ſoul.
Yet, if this undiſſembling ſtrain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleaſing ſound,
Remember thou that righteous Fame
From hoary age a ſtrict account will claim
)f each auſpicious palm with which thy youth was crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where Heaven expects thee; nor the traveller leads,
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
)r groves that hark to Philomela's lay.

The impartial laws of Fate
To nobler virtues wed ſeverer cares.
Is there a man who ſhares
The ſummit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Aſk him (for he can tell)
What ſtorms beat round that rough laborious height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Naſſau, great deliverer, wiſe and bold;
I know your perils hard,
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintery ſeas,
The night eſtang'd from eaſe,
The day by cowardice and falſehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The indignant heart diſdaining the reward

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants. But, O renown,
O praiſe from judging heaven and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divineſt crown,
Say, who ſhall heſitate? or who complain?
And now they ſit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the ſovran mind,
"Lo, theſe," he ſaith, "lo, theſe are they
"Who to the laws of mine eternal ſway
"From violence and fear aſſerted human kind."

W. t.

IV. 1.

Thus honor'd while the train
Of legiſlators in his preſence dwell;
If I may aught foretell,
The ſtateſman ſhall the ſecond palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiſcerning praiſe,
More glittering trophies raiſe:
But wiſeſt heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favor and to love?
What, ſave wide bleſſings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the imbattled field
Shall theſe achievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valor, or the ſongs of conqueſt, yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of creſt he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naſeby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breaſt oppoſe
Than Pym's free virtue choſe,
When the proud force of Strafford he control'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
When (blighted all the promiſe of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled ſwains,

Let menac'd London tell
How impious Guile made Wiſdom baſe:
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;
And how unbleſs'd he liv'd, and how diſhonor'd!

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muſe
Around his tomb Pierian roſes flung:
Nor ſhall one poet's tongue
His name for Muſic's pleaſing labor chuſe.
And ſure, when Nature kind
Hath deck'd ſome favor'd breaſt above the throng
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To Guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-ſubmitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wiſe
Nothing can ſeem but Virtue; nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize.
There Somers fix'd his name,
Inroll'd the next to William. There ſhall Time
To every wondering clime
Point out that Somers, who from Faction's croud
The ſlanderous and the loud,
Could fair aſſent and modeſt reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or ſocial arts acquire,
Nor this majeſtic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accompliſh, or to aught aſpire,
Without his guidance, his ſuperior hand.

And rightly ſhall the Muſe's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whoſe mind's inamor'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever Sage or Poet ſaw,
Yet ſtill to life's rude ſcene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
The Muſe was never foreign to his breaſt:
On Power's grave ſeat confeſs'd,
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the bleſſed know
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenſer, hear the inchanted echos round
Through fartheſt heaven reſound
Wiſe Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muſes powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of juſt and true.
They lend a nobler ſway
To civil Wiſdom, than corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure:
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloath'd in the faireſt colors of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townſhend, thus may Time, the judge ſeve
Inſtruct my happy tongue of thee to tell:
And when I ſpeak of one to freedom dear,
For planning wiſely and for acting well,
Of one whom glory loves to own,
Who ſtill by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends purſued;
Then, for the guerdon of my lay,
"This man with faithful friendſhip," will I
"From youth to honor'd age my arts and me
"view'd."

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

OF all the ſprings within the mind
Which prompt her ſteps in Fortune's maz
From none more pleaſing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praiſe.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any paſſion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's ſelf appears.

III

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can ſlight,
Who courts the echo that ſucceeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praiſe, depends;
To which, of courſe, it's real price
The judgment of the praiſer lends.

V.

If praiſe then with religious awe
From the ſole perfect judge be ſought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor prieſt, nor bard, nor ſage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the ſame
Though in an humbler ſphere it lies,
I count that ſoul of human fame,
The ſuffrage of the good and wiſe.

ODE VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE: WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the ſky-lark ſings
When firſt the morn allures it's wings,
The epicure his theme purſues:
And tell me if, among the choir

Whoſe

Whoſe muſic charms the banks of Seine,
So full, ſo free, ſo rich a ſtrain
E'er dictated the warbling Muſe.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-diſſembled art
That can ſuch harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While wit from affectation clear,
Bright images, and paſſions true,
Recall to thy aſſenting view
The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
This prieſt of pleaſure, who aſpires
To lead us to her ſacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her ſhrine?
Say (her ſweet influence to thy ſong,
So may the goddeſs ſtill afford),
Doth ſhe conſent to be ador'd
With ſhameleſs love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chryſippus here
Need we in high indignant phraſe
From their Elyſian quiet raiſe;
But pleaſure's oracle alone
Conſult; attentive, not ſevere.
O pleaſure, we blaſpheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V.

We own had fate to man aſſign'd
Nor ſenſe, nor wiſh, but what obey
Or Venus ſoft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Moſt aptly govern human kind:
Unleſs perchance what he hath ſung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unſtrung,
Some wrangling heretic ſhould plead.

VI.

But now with all theſe proud deſires
For dauntleſs truth and honeſt fame;
With that ſtrong maſter of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye roſy ſmiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier ſoils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

ODE VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

M DCC LIV.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treaſon quell'd and laws ſecur'd,
In every nation Time diſplays
The palm of honourable praiſe.

Envy

Envy may rail; and faction fierce
May ſtrive: but what, alas, can thoſe
(Though bold, yet blind and ſordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppoſe,
To faithful ſtory and perſuaſive verſe?

I. 2.

O nurſe of freedom, Albion, ſay,
Thou tamer of deſpotic ſway,
What man, among thy ſons around,
Thus heir to glory haſt thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Haſt thou with purer joy ſurvey'd
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through impoſture's ſolemn ſhade,
Through kingly and through ſacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher bleſs'd,
Who ſent religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the weſt,
And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal
To Hoadly thus his mandate he addreſs'd:
"Go thou, and reſcue my diſhonor'd law
"From hands rapacious and from tongues impure
"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
"Fell perſecution's mortal ſnares to aid:
"Let not my words be impious chains to draw
"The freeborn ſoul in more than brutal awe,
"To faith without aſſent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
The world ſoon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the bleſt unfold
The riſing hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair ſequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And liſtening aſk'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus ſubdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with ſacred folly wage;
Could a whole nation diſengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's ſword,
Nor the ſtrong powers to civil founders known,
Were his: but truth by faithful ſearch explor'd,
And ſocial ſenſe, like ſeed, in genial plenty ſown.
Wherever it took root, the ſoul (reſtor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others ſought.
Not monkiſh craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel ſhrine

ODE X.

TO

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIR

ON THE LATE EDITION OF

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

M, DCC LI.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to reſtrain
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but ſeldom men obtain
By ſenſe or wit, by proſe or ſong:
A taſk for more Hercuſean powers,
Nor ſuited to the ſacred hours
Of leiſure in the Muſe's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muſe, the blameleſs queen, reſides:
Fair Fame attends, and Wiſdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides:
While, ſhut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, ſtill repining, wait
Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee ſtill, her friend and benefactor, name:
O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleaſure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
Nor our own manners tempt us to diſclaim
That heritage, our nobleſt wealth and fame,
Which Thou haſt kept intire from force and factious guile.

ODE VIII.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to pleaſe,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excell?

II.

Behold that bright unſullied ſmile,
And wiſdom ſpeaking in her mien:
Yet (ſhe ſo artleſs all the while,
So little ſtudious to be ſeen)
We nought but inſtant gladneſs know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither muſic, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolick cheer,
Add half that ſunſhine to the hours,
Or make life's proſpect half ſo clear,

As memory brings it to the eye
From ſcenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a ſatirift could there
Or fault or indiſcretion find;
Nor any prouder ſage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whoſe form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanor ſhows.

V.

This ſure is beauty's happieſt part:
This gives the moſt unbounded ſway:
This ſhall inchant the ſubject heart
When roſe and lily fade away;
And ſhe be ſtill, in ſpite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

ODE IX.

AT STUDY.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy ſtray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my ſtudious theme?
From this philoſophic page,
From the problems of the ſage,
Wandering through a pleaſing dream?

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned Wiſdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour;
Nature bids a ſofter power
Claim ſome minutes for his own.

III.

Let the buſy or the wiſe
View him with contemptuous eyes;
Love is native to the heart:
Guide its wiſhes as you will;
Without Love, you'll find it ſtill
Void in one eſſential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;
Though the pride of my deſire
Aſks immortal friendſhip's name,
Aſks the palm of honeſt fame,
And the old heroic lyre;

V.

Though the day have ſmoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leiſure known,
Or in ſocial duty ſpent;
Yet at eve my lonely breaſt
Seeks in vain for perfect reſt;
Languiſhes for true content.

To ſlaviſh ruffians, hir'd for their command:
Theſe, at ſome greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod:
These are the public will, the reaſon of the land.

III.

Thou, heedleſs Albion, what, alas, the while
Doſt thou preſume? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how doſt thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, theſe near and loud alarms?
Thy ſplendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praiſe and envy of the nations round,
What care haſt thou to guard from fortune's ſway?
Amid the ſtorms of war, how ſoon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

IV.

No: thou art rich, thy ſtreams and fertile vales
Add induſtry's wiſe gifts to nature's ſtore:
And every port is crouded with thy ſails,
And every wave throws treaſure on thy ſhore.
What boots it? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy ſelfiſh heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Thoſe gifts, that treaſure is no longer thine.
Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will ſhine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
Girt by the azure tide, and thron'd ſublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canſt ſee,
With ſcorn, the fury of each hoſtile clime

Dash'

Daſh'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot ſhall tempt the ſtrand—
Yet ſay, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee? Haſt thou all thy hopes reſign'd
To the ſky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand?

VI.

For oh! may neither fear nor ſtronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, laſt of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies ſtation'd round the throne
To truſt thy ſafety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's ſhrine;
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithleſs Charles's hand,
Or what great William ſeal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy ſons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conqueſt, and from ſervile ſhame,
In war's glad ſchool their own protectors riſe.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful ſwains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found:
The public voice bids arm your rural ſtate,
Paternal hamlets for your enſigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around.

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native poſt?
Who moſt their country's fame and fortune ſhare,
'Tis theirs to ſhare her toils, her perils moſt.
Each man his taſk in ſocial life ſuſtains.
With partial labours, with domeſtic gains,
Let others dwell: to you indulgent heaven
By counſel and by arms the public cauſe
To ſerve for public love and love's applauſe,
The firſt imployment far, the nobleſt hire, hath given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
The Fabian ſons? the Scipios, matchleſs line?
Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the ſwain
Met his lov'd patron's ſummons from the plain;
The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew:
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
The conquerors to their houſhold gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and ſteer'd the Sabine plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be loſt among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more ingage
The unbought hand, the unſubjected mind?
Doth valor to the race no more belong?
No more with ſcorn of violence and wrong

Doth

Doth forming nature now her ſons inſpire,
That, like ſome myſtery to few reveal'd,
The ſkill of arms abaſh'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeleſs hearts retire?

XI.

O ſhame to human life, to human laws!
The looſe adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell ſword without affection draws,
Whoſe God, whoſe country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the leſſons of the field can learn;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conqueſt: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are ſocial arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irkſome were the pain.

XII.

Meantime by Pleaſure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright ſun and living breeze ye ſtray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
O blind of choice and to yourſelves untrue!
The young grove ſhoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The manſion aſks its lord, the ſwains their friend;
While he doth riot's orgies haply ſhare,
Or tempt the gameſter's dark, deſtroying ſnare,
Or at ſome courtly ſhrine with ſlaviſh incenſe bend.

XIII. And

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawleſs tumult prompts the ruſtic throng;
That the rude village-inmates now diſdain
Thoſe homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas, your fathers did by other arts
Draw thoſe kind ties around their ſimple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
By ſuccour, faithful counſel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and heaven's due fulfill.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light diſcord tear
A ſtate? and impotent ſedition's crime?
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there:
The powers who to command and to obey,
Inſtruct the valiant. There would civil ſway
The riſing race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marſhal'd field their ſteps unite,
And in glad ſplendor bring before their ſight
One common cauſe and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your taſk diſown,
Though war's proud votaries look on ſevere;
Though ſecrets taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.

Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old ſimplicity, in vain:
To the time's warfare, ſimple or refin'd,
The time itſelf adapts the warrior's mind;
And equal proweſs ſtill ſhall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On Glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why ſhall they now renounce that generous praiſe?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert ruſh'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's choſen ſons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's ſquires, nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd:
They ſaw their ſtandard fall, and left their monarch bound.

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won;
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntleſs breaſt:
—Is there no voice that ſpeaks to every ſon?
No nobler, holier call to You addreſs'd?
O! by majeſtic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly truth's, by manly reaſon's cauſe,
Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
By Friendſhip, ſocial Peace, domeſtic Love,
Riſe; arm; your country's living ſafety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her ſhore.

ODE XII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS IN THE COUNTRY.

MDCCLVIII.

I.

THY verdant ſcenes, O Gouſder's hill,
Once more I ſeek, a languid gueſt:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breaſt
Once more I climb thy ſteep aërial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy ſprightly breezes round,
Diſſolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the ſprings of life with gentler motion play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy weſt or the freſh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my muſing footſteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the ſunny lawn,
Awak'd I ſtop, and look to find
What ſhrub perfumes the pleaſant wind,
Or what wild ſongſter charms the Dryads of the grove.

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The diſtant voice of Health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
"Droop not, nor doubt of my return," ſhe cries;
"Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
"Meet thee beneath yon cheſnut bower,
"And lenient on thy boſom pour
"That indolence divine which lulls the earth and
"ſkies."

IV.

The goddeſs promis'd not in vain.
I found her at my favorite time.
Nor wiſh'd to breath in any ſofter clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-ſlumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew
Then firſt, O heavenly Muſe, unſeen for many a day.

V.

In that ſoft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden ſtar of love.
I ſaw her hand in careleſs meaſures move;
I heard ſweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the ſacred ſound obey'd,
New ſunſhine o'er my fancy ſprings,
New colours clothe external things,
And the laſt glooms of pain and ſickly plaint retire.

VI.

O Goukler's hill, by thee reſtor'd
Once more to this inſpiven'd hand,
My harp, which late reſounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, ſolemn and ſevere,
My Dorian harp ſhall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And ſend a leſs-ambitious lay
Of Friendſhip and of Love to greet thy maſter's ear.

VII.

For when within thy ſhady ſeat
Firſt from the ſultry town he choſe,
And the tir'd ſenate's cares, his wiſh'd repoſe,
Then waſt thou mine; to me a happier home
For ſocial leiſure: where my welcome feet,
Eſtrang'd from all the intangling ways
In which the reſtleſs vulgar ſtrays,
Through nature's ſimple paths with ancient faith might
roam.

VIII.

And while around his ſylvan ſcene
My Dyſon led the white-wing'd hours,
Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
Their ſages came: oft heard our lingering walk
The Mantuan muſic warbling o'er the green:
And oft did Tully's reverend ſhade,
Though much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd eaſe or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

IX.

But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd erelong this favor'd grove;
Even the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spotless throne.

X.

I saw when through yon festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said;
"Receive that fairest wealth which Heaven assign'd
"To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
"One wish, one utmost hope confess?
"Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless:
"Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind."

ODE XIII.

To the Author of Memoirs of the House of Brandenburgh.

MDCCLI.

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
Have seldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chace,
To dwell with books, or court the Muse's charms.

Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine tranſcript of their calmer thought,
There ſtill we own the wiſe, the great, or good;
And Cæſar there and Xenophon are ſeen,
As clear in ſpirit and ſublime of mien,
As on Pharſalian plains, or by the Aſſyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the ſtudent's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That if hereafter Envy ſhall preſume
With words irreverent to inſcribe thy tomb,
And baſer weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence poſterity may try thy reign,
Aſſert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foreſight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the leſſons of thy pen compare
With private honor or with public zeal?
Whence then at things divine thoſe darts of ſcorn?
Why are the woes, which virtuous men have borne
For ſacred Truth, a prey to laughter given?
What fiend, what foe of nature, urg'd thy arm
The Almighty of his ſceptre to diſarm?
To puſh this earth adrift, and leave it looſe from heaven?

IV.

Ye god-like ſhades of legiſlators old,
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wiſe,
Ye firſt of mortals with the bleſs'd inroll'd,
Say did not horror in your boſoms riſe,
When thus by impious vanity impell'd
A magiſtrate, a monarch, ye beheld
Affronting civil order's holieſt bands?
Thoſe bands which ye ſo labor'd to improve?
Thoſe hopes and fears of juſtice from above,
Which tam'd the ſavage world to your divine commands?

ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!
Tempt me no more, inſidious Love:
Thy ſoothing ſway
Long did my youthful boſom prove:
At length thy treaſon is diſcern'd,
At length ſome dear-bought caution earn'd:
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I ſee
Her merit. Needs it now be ſhewn,
Alas, to me?
How often, to myſelf unknown,

The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! How often ſaid,
What joy to call a heart like her's one's own

III.

But, flattering god,
O ſquanderer of content and eaſe,
In thy abode
Will care's rude leſſon learn to pleaſe?
O ſay, deceiver, haſt thou won
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her ſtern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[UNFINISHED.]

I.

MEEK honor, female ſhame,
O! whither, ſweeteſt offspring of the ſky,
From Albion doſt thou fly;
Of Albion's daughters once the favorite fame?
O Beauty's only friend,
Who giv'ſt her pleaſing reverence to inſpire;
Who ſelfiſh, bold deſire
Doſt to eſteem and dear affection turn;
Alas, of thee forlorn,
What joy, what pride, what hope can life pretend?

II. Behold

II.

Behold; our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happineſs inquire:
Our maids no more aſpire
The arts of baſhful Hymen to attain;
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impaſſive, as they move along,
Aſk homage of the throng.
The lover ſwears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the ſelf-ſame charms,
And worthleſs and deſerted lives and dies.

III.

Behold; unbleſs'd at home,
The father of the cheerleſs houſehold mourns:
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at diſtance roam;
While ſhe, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull taſk of cares,
To meet him ſhe prepares,
Through noiſe and ſpleen and all the gameſter's art,
A liſtleſs, harraſs'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus, along the ſhore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of ſtrife and grief the fond invective lore:

At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantine ſpear
Like thunder ſounding near,
Smote the red croſs upon her ſilver ſhield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine

* * * * *

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

NO

NOTES

ON THE

TWO BOOKS OF ODES.

B. 1. Ode XVIII. Stanza II. 2.] Lycurgus the Lacedæmonian law-giver brought into Greece from Aſia Minor the firſt complete copy of Homer's works. —At Platæa was fought the deciſive battle between the Perſian army and the united militia of Greece under Pauſanias and Ariſtides.—Cimon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the ſame day over the Perſians by ſea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preſerved the inſcription which the Athenians affixed to the conſecrated ſpoils, after this great ſucceſs; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatneſs of the occaſion has raiſed the manner of expreſſion above the uſual ſimplicity and modeſty of all other ancient inſcriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ'. ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ.
ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ.
ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
ΟΥΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΟΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ'.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
ΕΡΓΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΝ.
ΑΜΑ.

ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ. ΦΑΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΑΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ. ΑΣΙΣ. ΥΠ'. ΑΥΤΩΝ.
ΠΑΝΤΕΙΣ'. ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following tranſlation is almoſt literal:

Since firſt the ſea from Aſia's hoſtile coaſt
Divided Europe, and the god of war
Aſſail'd imperious cities; never yet,
At once among the waves and on the ſhore,
Hath ſuch a labour been atchiev'd by men
Who earth inhabit. They, whoſe arms the Medes
In Cyprus felt pernicious, they, the ſame,
Have won from ſkilful Tyre an hundred ſhips
Crouded with warriors. Aſia groans, in both
Her hands ſore ſmitten, by the might of war.

Stanza II. 3.] Pindar was contemporary with Ariſtides and Cymon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common intereſt of his country; though his fellow citizens, the Thebans, had ſold themſelves to the Perſian king. In one of his odes he expreſſes the great diſtreſs and anxiety of his mind, occaſioned by the vaſt preparations of Xerxes againſt Greece.

Greece. (Iſthm. 8.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Platæa, and Himera. (Pyth. 1.) It will be neceſſary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. Firſt then, he was thought to be ſo great a favourite of Apollo, that the prieſts of that deity allotted him a conſtant ſhare of their offerings. It was ſaid of him, as of ſome other illuſtrious men, that at his birth a ſwarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was alſo a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and ſeen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real hiſtorical fact in his life is, that the Thebans impoſed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expreſſed in his poems for that heroic ſpirit, ſhewn by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow-citizens had ſhamefully betrayed. And, as the argument of this ode implies, that *great poetical talents, and high ſentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and aſſiſt each other*, ſo Pindar is perhaps the moſt exemplary proof of this connection, which occurs in hiſtory. The Thebans were remarkable, in general, for a ſlaviſh diſpoſition through all the fortunes of their common-wealth; at the time of its ruin by Philip; and even in its beſt ſtate, under the adminiſtration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas: and every one knows, they were no leſs remarkable for great dulneſs, and want of all genius. That

Pindar ſhould have equally diſtinguiſhed himſelf from the reſt of his fellow-citizens in both theſe reſpects, ſeems ſomewhat extraordinary, and is ſcarce to be accounted for but by the preceding obſervation.

Stanza III. 3.] Alluding to his "Defence of the "people of England" againſt Salmaſius. See particularly the manner in which he himſelf ſpeaks of that undertaking, in the introduction to his reply to Morus.

Stanza IV. 3.] Edward the Third; from whom deſcended Henry Haſtings, third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Stanza V. 3.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarſdale in Derbyſhire, the Earls of Devonſhire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The houſe in which they met is at preſent a farm-houſe; and the country people diſtinguiſh the room where they ſat, by the name of "the plotting parlour."

B. II. Ode VII. Stanza II. 1.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the cauſe of civil and religious liberty: Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by thoſe in power: Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the nonjuring clergy againſt the proteſtant eſtabliſhment; and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controverſy with the lower houſe of convocation.

B. W.

B. II. Ode X. Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the reſt of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the preſent Lord Biſhop of Glouceſter, did with great zeal cultivate their friendſhip; having been introduced, forſooth, at the meetings of that reſpectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards ſpoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulneſs. At the ſame time in his intercourſe with them he treated Mr. Pope in a moſt contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of theſe aſſertions his Lordſhip can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correſpondence with Concanen; a part of which is ſtill in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

B. II. Ode XIII.] In the year 1751 appeared a very ſplendid edition, in quarto, of "Memoires pour "ſervir à l'Hiſtoire de la Maiſon de Brandebourg, à "Berlin & à la Haye;" with a privilege ſigned FEDERIC; the ſame being engraved in imitation of hand-writing. In this edition, among other extraordinary paſſages, are the two following, to which the third ſtanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] "Il ſe fit une migration" (the author is ſpeaking of what happened of the revocation of the edict of Nantes) "dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples "dans l'hiſtoire: un peuple entier ſortit du royaume "par l'eſprit de parti en haine du pape, & pour rece-"voir ſous un autre ciel la communion ſous les deux "eſpeces: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrierent ainſi

& aban-

" & abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner d
" d'autres temples les vieux pſeaumes de Clen
" Marot."

Page 242.] " La crainte donna le jour à la credu
" & l'amour propre intereſſa bientot le ciel au daſtin
" hommes."

HYMN

TO THE

NAIADS.

MDCCXLVI.

HE Nymphs, who preſide over ſprings and rivulets, are addreſſed at day-break, in honor of their ſeveral functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the firſt allegorical deities, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the riſe of things. They are then ſucceſſively conſidered, as giving motion to the air and exciting ſummer-breezes; as nouriſhing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullneſs of navigable rivers, and conſequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is repreſented their favourable influence upon health, when aſſiſted by rural exerciſe: which introduces their connection with the art of phyſic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal ſprings. Laſtly, they

are

Breathes on her fainting ſons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Aſcend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
Who, faſt by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
O'er ruſhing Anio, with a pious hand
The reverend ſcene delineates, broken fanes,
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Time; and haply, while he ſcans
The ruins, with a ſilent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.
  You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confeſs; and ſtill prepare
For you their choiceſt treaſures. Pan commands,
Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To ſpread their deepeſt umbrage. Well the god
Remembereth how indulgent ye ſupplied
Your general dews to nurſe them in their prime.
  Pales, the paſture's queen, where-e'er ye ſtray,
Purſues your ſteps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris, with profuſeſt hand,
Throws wide her blooms, her odors. Still with you
Pomona ſeeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,

Re

Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant iſles
Nyſæan or Atlantic. Nor canſt thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou doſt mock
The beverage of the ſober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canſt thou
Diſown the powers whoſe bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameleſs Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim;
Nor heed the ſcoffings of the Edonian band.
For better praiſe awaits you. Thames, your ſire,
As down the verdant ſlope your duteous rills
Deſcend, the tribute ſtately Thames receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on ſecure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words
Auſpicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forſaking, her adventurous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremeſt iſles to bleſs. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-ſailing; oft intent your ſprings
He views: and waving o'er ſome new-born ſtream
His bleſt pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the ſon of Maia, "though recluſe
"And ſilent be your ſtores, from you, fair Nymphs,
"Flows wealth and kind ſociety to men.
"By you my function and my honor'd name
"*Do I poſſeſs*; while o'er the Bœtic vale,

"Or

" Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
" By ſacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
" The Engliſh merchant: with the buxom fleece
" Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
" Sarmatian kings; or to the houſhold gods
" Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian ſhore,
" Diſpenſe the mineral treaſure which of old
" Sidonian pilots ſought, when this fair land
" Was yet unconſcious of thoſe generous arts
" Which wiſe Phœnicia from their native clime
" Tranſplanted to a more indulgent heaven."
Such are the words of Hermes: ſuch the praiſe,
O Naiads, which from tongues cœleſtial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty iſſueth power:
And thoſe who, ſedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own ſeat on earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hoſpitable arts
Of Hermes yield their ſtore. For, O ye Nymphs,
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
Of arms to court your friendſhip? You ſhe owns
The fair aſſociates who extend her ſway
Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
Of you ſhe uttereth, oft as from the ſhore
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vectis, ſhe her thundering navy leads
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian ſurge; her auſpices divine

Imparting to the ſenate and the prince
Of Albion, to diſmay barbaric kings,
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever ſcorn'd by Pallas: and of old
Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy ſurge,
To drive her clouds and ſtorms; o'erwhelming all
The Perſian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the ſoft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
Of cold Imaüs join'd their ſervile bands,
To ſweep the ſons of liberty from earth.
In vain: Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens ſtood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And ſhook her burning ægis. Xerxes ſaw:
From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the ſign
Cœleſtial; felt unrighteous hope forſake
His faultering heart, and turn'd his face with ſhame.
Hail, ye who ſhare the ſtern Minerva's power;
Who arm the hand of liberty for war:
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs: yet benign,
Yet mild of nature: to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witneſs; ſhe who ſaves,
From poiſonous cates and cups of pleaſing bane,
The wretch devoted to the intangling ſnares

Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him ſhe leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To ſpread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to ſummon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering ſluggard from his dreams:
And where his breaſt may drink the mountain breez
And where the fervor of the ſunny vale
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courſer. Nor when eaſe,
Cool eaſe and welcome ſlumbers have becalm'd
His eager boſom, does the queen of health
Her pleaſing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, preſiding; and the frugal powers
With joy ſedate leads in: and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan preſents her ſtores;
While changing ſtill, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him ſpread
The garden's banquet; you to crown his feaſt,
To crown his feaſt, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: and from your ſhelving ſeats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To ſlake his veins: till ſoon a purer tide
Flows down thoſe loaded channels; waſheth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking ſeeds
Of crude diſeaſe; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigour, ſends repoſe. Hail, Naiads: hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to ſtooping age,
The joys which youth had ſquander'd. Oft your urn
Will I invoke; and, frequent in your praiſe,
Abaſh the frantic Thyrſus with my ſong.

For not eſtrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whoſe myſterious ſhrine
My youth was ſacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treaſures he hath ſearch'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the ſun,
(To rouſe dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveleſs arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or huſh the unquiet breaſt
Which pines with ſilent paſſion) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep manſions he deſcends.
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth; where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills inſinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the ſtreaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-ey'd ſuppliants; wafts the ſeeds
Metallic, and the elemental ſalts
Waſh'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink: and ſoon
Flies pain; flies inauſpicious care: and ſoon
The ſocial haunt or unfrequented ſhade
Hears Io, Io Pæan; as of old,
When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for helpleſs mortals I implore
Your ſalutary ſprings, through every urn
Oh ſhed your healing treaſures. With the firſt
And fineſt breath, which from the genial ſtrife
Of mineral fermentation ſprings, like light

O'er the freſh morning's vapours, luſtrate then
The fountain, and inform the riſing wave.
My lyre ſhall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the ſtrings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of cœleſtial powers,
I frame their language; and the Muſes deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The Muſes (ſacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did to my wondering ſenſe
Their ſecrets oft reveal: oft my raiſ'd ear
In ſlumber felt their muſic: oft at noon
Or hour of ſunſet, by ſome lonely ſtream,
In field or ſhady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preſerve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind
And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I ſend, my homage, to the ſeats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaſte companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd ſcene: where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Caſtalia's moſſy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefulleſt repoſe
To their conſorted meaſure: till again,
With emulation all the ſounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the ſong,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And ſweep their lofty ſtrings: thoſe powerful ſtrings

To

That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion ſweet
Of evils, with immortal reſt from cares;
Aſſuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With ſlacken'd wings,
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the ſceptre of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle; by the number'd notes,
Poſſeſs'd; and ſatiate with the melting tone:
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Relents, and ſooths his own fierce heart to eaſe,
Moſt welcome eaſe. The ſire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatſoe'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
The interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom ſevere,
And troubled at the ſound. Ye, Naiads, ye
With raviſh'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of ſacred ſilence. But the ſlaves
Of Bacchus with tempeſtuous clamours ſtrive
To drown the heavenly ſtrains; of higheſt Jove
Irreverent, and by mad preſumption fir'd
Their own diſcordant raptures to advance
With hoſtile emulation. Down they ruſh
From Nyſa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames

Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulſions wild
Toſſing their limbs, and brandiſhing in air
The ivy-mantled thyrſus, or the torch
Through black ſmoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the claſhing cymbals, mix'd
With ſhrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpolluted ear avert
Their orgies! If within the ſeats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
And hearken to their accents; who aſpires
From ſuch inſtructors to inform his breaſt
With verſe; let him, fit votariſt, implore
Their inſpiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
May ſing in apteſt numbers: he the fate
Of ſober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And ſtrong Alcides in the ſpinſter's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Muſt dwell the man whoe'er to praiſed themes
Invokes the immortal Muſe. The immortal Muſe
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footſteps; and with your unſullied ſtreams

His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majeſty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In thoſe unfading iſlands of the bleſs'd,
Where ſacred Bards abide. Hail, honor'd Nymphs;
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaïc ſhell
Behold, I touch, revering. To my ſongs
Be preſent ye with favorable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

NOTES

ON THE

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

Page 301. l. 1. — *Love* ——— *Elder than Chaos.*] Heſiod, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldeſt of beings; though he aſſigns to Love neither father nor ſuperior: which circumſtance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus, in Plato's Banquet, as being obſervable not only in Heſiod, but in all other writers both of verſe and proſe: and on the ſame occaſion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expreſſly ſtiled the eldeſt of all the gods. Yet Ariſtophanes, in The Birds, affirms, that "Chaos, and "Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus, were firſt; and "that Love was produced from an egg, which the "ſable-winged night depoſited in the immenſe boſom "of Erebus." But it muſt be obſerved, that the Love deſigned by this comic poet was always diſtinguiſhed from the other, from that original and ſelf-exiſtent being the ΤΟ ΟΝ or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or ſecond perſon of the old Grecian trinity; to whom is inſcribed an hymn among thoſe

who

which pass under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the first-begotten, is said to have been born of an egg, and is represented as the principal or origin of all these external appearances of nature. In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the discoverer or discloser; who unfolded the ideas of the supreme intelligence, and exposed them to the perception of inferior beings in this visible frame of the world; as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the several passages of Orpheus, which they have preserved.

But the Love designed in our text, is the one self-existent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologists have not introduced or truly described in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; though, in other respects, he professeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For, in these great points of natural theology, they differ no less remarkably among themselves; and are perpetually confounding the philosophical relations of things with the traditionary circumstances of mythic history; upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his dissent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, ascribed to Orpheus, it is said; that "Love, whom mortals in later times call

"Phanes

" Phanes, was the father of the eternally begotten " Night;" who is generally repreſented by theſe mythological poets, as being herſelf the parent of all things; and who, in the Indigitamenta, or Orphic Hymns, is ſaid to be the ſame with Cypris, or Love itſelf. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the perſonated Orpheus introduceth himſelf ſinging to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth " the obſcure memory of Chaos, and the na-" tures which it contained within itſelf in a ſtate of " perpetual viciſſitude; how the heaven had its boun-" dary determined; the generation of the earth; the " depth of the ocean; and alſo the ſapient Love, the " moſt ancient, the ſelf-ſufficient; with all the beings " which he produced when he ſeparated one thing " from another." Which noble paſſage is more directly to Ariſtotle's purpoſe in the firſt book of his metaphyſics than any of thoſe which he has there quoted, to ſhew that the ancient poets and mythologiſts agreed with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more ſober philoſophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the neceſſity of mind and reaſon to account for the connexion, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which paſs under the ſame name, are, it ſhould ſeem, the work of the real Orpheus; yet beyond all queſtion they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invaſion of Greece by Xerxes; and were probably a ſett of public and ſolemn forms of devotion; as ap-

pear

by a paſſage in one of them, which Demoſthenes almoſt literally cited in his firſt oration againſt giton, as the ſaying of Orpheus, the founder eir moſt holy myſteries. On this account, they higher authority than any other mythological now extant, the Theogony of Heſiod himſelf not ed. The poetry of them is often extremely no- and the myſterious air which prevails in them, ier with its delightful impreſſion upon the mind, t be better expreſſed than in that remarkable de- on with which they inſpired the German editior nbach, when he accidentally met with them at c: "Theſaurum me reperiſſe credidi," ſays he, profecto theſaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo ſacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta iſta deo- m: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere gebar, quod vel ſolum horrorem incutere animo teſt, nocturnum; cum enim totam diem conſum- im in contemplando urbis ſplendore, & in adeun- , quibus ſcatet urbs illa, viris doctis; ſola nox tabat, quam Orpheo conſecrare potui. In abyſ- m quendam myſteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis cendere videbar, quotieſcunque ſilente mundo, lis vigilantibus aſtris et luna, μελαμφάτες iſtos mmos ad manus ſumſi."

1. *Chaos.*] The unformed, undigeſted maſs of s and Plato: which Milton calls

"The womb of nature."

1. *Love, the fire of Fate.*] Fate is the univerſal n *of natural* cauſes; the work of the Omnipotent Mind,

Mind, or of Love: ſo Minucius Felix: "Quid aliud "eſt fatum, quam quod de unoquoque noſtrum deus "fatus eſt." So alſo Cicero, in The Firſt Book on Divination: "Fatum autem id appello, quod *Græci* "EIPMAPMENHN; id eſt, ordinem ſeriemque cauſa- "rum, cum cauſa cauſæ nexa rem ex ſe gignat—ex quo "intelligitur, ut fatum ſit non id quod ſuperſtitioſe, "ſed id quod phyſice dicitur cauſa æterna rerum." To the ſame purpoſe is the doctrine of Hierocles, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Deſtiny. As to the three Fates, or Deſtinies of the poets, they repreſented that part of the general ſyſtem of natural cauſes which relates to man, and to other mortal beings: for ſo we are told in the hymn addreſſed to them among the Orphic Indigitamenta, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love) and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are diſtinguiſhed by the epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to Heſiod. Theog. ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic Hymn to Venus, or Love, that Goddeſs is directly ſtiled the mother of Neceſſity, and is repreſented, immediately after, as governing the three Deſtinies, and conducting the whole ſyſtem of natural cauſes.

l. 2. *Born of Fate was Time.*] Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the ſon of Cœlum and Tellus. But the author of the hymns gives it quite undiſguiſed by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the earth and the ſtarry heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

l. 3. *Who many ſons devour'd.*] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the diſſolution of natural bodies; which are produced and deſtroyed by Time.

l. 4, 5. *The child of Rhea.*] Jupiter, ſo called by Pindar.

l. 5. *Drove him from the upper ſky.*] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologiſts. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatiſe on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable ſoul of the world, which reſtrained and prevented thoſe uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, uſed formerly to cauſe in the mundane ſyſtem.

l. 6. *Then ſocial reign'd.*] Our mythology here ſuppoſeth, that before the eſtabliſhment of the vital, vegetative, plaſtic nature (repreſented by Jupiter) the four elements were in a variable and unſettled condition; but afterwards, well-diſpoſed and at peace among themſelves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Veſta, the eldeſt daughter of Saturn, Fire; and the cloud-compeller, or Ζεὺς νεφεληγερέτης, the Air: though he alſo repreſented the plaſtic principle of nature, as may be ſeen in the Orphic hymn inſcribed to him.

l. 10. *The ſedgy-crowned race.*] The river-gods; who, according to Heſiod's Theogony, were the ſons of Oceanus and Tethys.

l. 12, 13. *From them, are ye, O Naiads.*] The deſcent of the Naiads is leſs certain than moſt points of the

the Greek mythology. Homer Odyſſ. xiii. κοῦραι Διός. Virgil, in the eighth book of the Æneid, ſpeaks as if the Nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers: but in this he contradicts the teſtimony of Heſiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox ſyſtem, which repreſenteth ſeveral nymphs as retaining to every ſingle river. On the other hand, Calimachus, who was very learned in all the ſchool-divinity of thoſe times, in his hymn to Delos, maketh Peneus, the great Theſſalian river-god, the father of his nymphs: and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his Metamorphoſes, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occaſionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

l. 16. *Syrian Daphne.*] The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

l. 16, 17. *The tribes belov'd by Pæon.*] Mineral and medicinal ſprings. Pæon was the phyſician of the gods.

l. 19. *The winged offspring.*] The Winds; who, according to Heſiod and Apollodorus, were the ſons of Aſtræus and Aurora.

l. 22. *Hyperion.*] A ſon of Cœlum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by Pindar, Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the ſame manner as here, for the Sun himſelf.

l. 25. *Your ſallying ſtreams.*] The ſtate of the atmoſphere with reſpect to reſt and motion is, in ſeveral ways, affected by rivers and running ſtreams; and that more eſpecially in hot ſeaſons: firſt, they deſtroy its equilibrium, by cooling thoſe parts of it with which they are in contact; and ſecondly, they communicate their own motion: and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is of conſequence more elaſtic than other parts of the atmoſphere, and therefore fitter to preſerve and to propagate that motion.

P. 302. l. 16. *Delian king.*] One of the epithets of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Orphic hymn inſcribed to him.

l. 25. *Chloris.*] The ancient Greek name for Flora.

l. 29. *Amalthea.*] The mother of the firſt Bacchus, whoſe birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelaſgic character, by Thymœtes, grandſon to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymœtes had traveled over Libya to the country which borders on the weſtern ocean; there he ſaw the iſland of Nyſa, and learned from the inhabitants, that "Ammon, king of Libya, was married in former ages to Rhea, ſiſter of Saturn and "the Titans: that he afterwards fell in love with a "beautiful virgin, whoſe name was Amalthea; had "by her a ſon, and gave her poſſeſſion of a neighbouring tract of land, wonderfully fertile; which in "ſhape nearly reſembling the horn of an ox, was

" thence called the Heſperian horn, and afterwards " the horn of Amalthea: that, fearing the jea- " louſy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bacchus, " with his mother, in the iſland of Nyſa;" the beauty of which, Diodorus deſcribes with great dignity and pomp of ſtyle. This fable is one of the nobleſt in all the ancient mythology, and ſeems to have made a particular impreſſion on the imagination of Milton; the only modern poet (unleſs perhaps it be neceſſary to except Spenſer) who, in theſe myſterious traditions of the poetic ſtory, had a heart to feel, and words to expreſs, the ſimple and ſolitary genius of antiquity. To raiſe the idea of his Paradiſe, he prefers it even to

—— " that Nyſean iſle
" Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham,
" (Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove)
" Hid Amalthea, and her florid ſon,
" Young Bacchus, from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye."

P. 303. l. 10. *Edonian band.*] The prieſteſſes and other miniſters of Bacchus; ſo called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated.

l. 21. *When Hermes.*] Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce; in which benevolent character he is addreſſed by the author of the Indigitamenta, in theſe beautiful lines:

Ἑρμῆνευ πάντων, κερδήμπορε, λυσιμέριμνε,
Ὃς χειρόσθιν ἔχεις πίρνης ὅπλον ἀμέμφες.

P. 304. l. 7. *Diſpenſe the mineral treaſure.*] The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages

to the coaſt of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

P. 304. l. 22. *Hath he not won.*] Mercury, the patron of commerce, being ſo greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendſhip of Minerva, the goddeſs of war: for military power, at leaſt the naval part of it, hath conſtantly followed the eſtabliſhment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding obſervation, that "from "bounty iſſueth power."

P. 29, 30. *Calpe — Cantabrian ſurge.*] Gibraltar and the bay of Biſcay.

P. 305. l. 6. *Ægina's gloomy ſurge.*] Near this iſland, the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis, over the Perſian navy.

l. 16. *Xerxes ſaw.*] This circumſtance is recorded in that paſſage, perhaps the moſt ſplendid among all the remains of ancient hiſtory, where Plutarch, in his "Life of Themiſtocles," deſcribes the ſea-fights of Artemiſium and Salamis.

P. 306. l. 30. *Thyrſus.*] A ſtaff, or ſpear, wreathed round with ivy: of conſtant uſe in the bacchanalian myſteries.

P. 307. l. 23. *Io Pæan.*] An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

P. 308. l. 19. *Cirrha.*] One of the ſummits or Parnaſſus, and ſacred to Apollo. Near it were ſeveral fountains, ſaid to be frequented by the Muſes. Nyſa,

the other eminence of the same mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

P. 309. l. 1. *Charm the mind of gods.*] This whole passage, concerning the effects of sacred music among the gods, is taken from Pindar's first Pythian ode.

P. 310. l. 6. *Phrygian pipe's.*] The Phrygian music was fantastic and turbulent, and fit to excite disorderly passions.

l. 11, 12. *The gates where Pallas holds*
The guardian key.] It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities; whence she was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her statues placed in their gates, being supposed to keep the keys; and on that account stiled ΚΛΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

l. 19. 20. *Fate of sober Pentheus.*] Pentheus was torn in pieces by the bacchanalian priests and women, for despising their mysteries.

l. 27, 28. *The cave Corycian.*] Of this cave Pausanias, in his Tenth Book, gives the following description: "Between Delphi and the eminences of "Parnassus, is a road to the grotto of Corycium, "which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is "by far the most remarkable which I have seen. One "may walk a great way into it without a torch. It is "of a considerable height, and hath several springs "within it; and yet a much greater quantity of water "distills from the shell and roof, so as to be continu-"ally dropping on the ground. The people round "Parnassus hold it sacred to the Corycian nymphs and "to Pan."

l. 28.

l. 28. *Delphic mount.*] Delphi, the ſeat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountainous and rocky ſituation, on the ſkirts of Parnaſſus.

P. 311. l. 7. *Cyrenaïc.*] Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whoſe hymns are the moſt remarkable example of that mythological paſſion which is aſſumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleaſure to the author of it, by reaſon of the myſterious ſolemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt ſomewhat in the ſame manner; ſolely by way of exerciſe: the manner itſelf being now almoſt intirely abandoned in poetry. And as the meer genealogy, or the perſonal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little intereſting to a modern reader; it was therefore thought proper to ſelect ſome convenient part of the hiſtory of nature, and to employ theſe ancient divinities as it is probable they were firſt employed; to wit, in perſonifying natural cauſes, and in repreſenting the mutual agreement or oppoſition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world: which hath been accounted the very higheſt office of poetry.

NSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

O me, whom in their lays the ſhepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring ſtream,
is cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
hich o'er the rocky entrance downward ſhoot,
re plac'd by Glycon. He with cowſlips pale,
mroſe, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
ore my threſhold, and my ſhelving walls
th honeyſuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
l'd by the murmur of my riſing fount,
umber: here my cluſtering fruits I tend:
from the humid flowers, at break of day,
ſh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
:h thing impure or noxious. Enter-in,
tranger, undiſmay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
e lurks: and if thy breaſt of blameleſs thoughts
prove thee, not unwelcome ſhalt thou tread
quiet manſion: chiefly, if thy name
ſe Pallas and the immortal Muſes own.

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who firſt with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. Theſe ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He ſang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each eſtate and age,
The faſhions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O ſtranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Doſt thou applaud them, if thy breaſt be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verſe
To tame the rudeneſs of his native land.

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whoſe path in Summer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imboſoms. There dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harveſt round. And onward thence

A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Faſt by a ſilent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O ſtranger, o'er the conſecrated ground;
And on that verdant hilloc, which thou ſee'ſt
Beſet with oſiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle freſh water from the brook, and ſtrew
Sweet-ſmelling flowers. For there doth Edmund reſt,
The learned ſhepherd; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for ſongs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithleſs pride
Of fair Matilda ſank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But ſoon did righteous Heaven
With tears, with ſharp remorſe, and pining care,
Avenge her falſehood. Nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier huſband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aſide
The ſtrokes of Death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful ſtory. Haply ſome fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale Misfortune's ſlaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden ſeat of kings:
O ſons of Sport and Pleaſure: O thou wretch
That weep'ſt for jealous love, or the ſore wounds

Of conſcious Guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the imbattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cauſe;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the faſhion of your own eſtate,
The ſecrets of your boſom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye ſtand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakeſpeare's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every paſſion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

GULIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM INEVNTE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI ADFVISSET SALVS IPSE VNICA; CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPVBLICAE BRITANNICAE VINDEX RENVNCIATVS ESSET ATQVE STATOR; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FORTVNA, GENERIS HVMANI. AVCTORI PVBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.

VI.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE

THOU, who the verdant plain doſt traverſe here,
While Thames among his willows from thy vie
Retires; O ſtranger, ſtay thee, and the ſcene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And ſtern with conqueſt, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and ſecure
The charter of thy freedom. Paſs not on
Till thou haſt bleſs'd their memory, and paid
Thoſe thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy ſons: inſtruct them what a debt
They owe their anceſtors; and make them ſwear
To pay it, by tranſmitting down intire
Thoſe ſacred rights to which themſelves were born.

VII.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

APPROACH in ſilence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The ſecond age
Now haſteneth to its period, ſince I roſe
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale

Are, all, my offspring: and each Nymph, who
The copſes and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have I ſeen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of Juſtice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Againſt the tyrants of the land, againſt
The unhallow'd ſons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of Wiſdom, and erroneous Folly's end
Have oft preſag'd: and now well-pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My ſhade, a while releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate ſhall enter, and ſit down
Beneath my branches. Then his muſing mind
I prompt, unſeen; and place before his view
Sincereſt forms of good; and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of gods and men, with Freedom's generous de
The lofty voice of Glory and the faith
Of ſacred Friendſhip. Stranger, I have told
My function. If within thy boſom dwell
Aught which may challenge praiſe, thou wilt nc
Unhonor'd my abode, nor ſhall I hear
A ſparing benediction from thy tongue.

INSCRIPTIONS.

VIII.

YE powers unſeen, to whom the Bards of Greec
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if erewhile
Not quite unpleaſing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft this lonely ſeat
To you I conſecrated; then vouchſafe
Here with your inſtant energy to crown
My happy ſolitude. It is the hour
When moſt I love to invoke you, and have felt
Moſt frequent your glad miniſtry divine.
The air is calm: the ſun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven. The harveſt round
Stands quiet, and among the golden ſheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring grove
Are mute; nor even a linnet's random ſtrain
Echoeth amid the ſilence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven,
Abide ye? or on thoſe tranſparent clouds
Paſs ye from hill to hill? or on the ſhades
Which yonder elms caſt o'er the lake below
Do you converſe retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inſpiring powers:
And I will guard it well, nor ſhall a thought
Riſe in my mind, nor ſhall a paſſion move
Acroſs my boſom unobſerv'd, unſtor'd

By faithful memory. And then at ſome
More active moment, will I call them forth
Anew; and join them in majeſtic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious ſtrains;
That all mankind ſhall wonder at your ſway.

IX.

ME though in life's ſequeſter'd vale
The Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from Glory's toilſome ways,
And the great ſcenes of public praiſe;
Yet let me ſtill with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early muſic to my tongue ſupply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,
And, This be thy concern, he ſaid,
At once with Paſſion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleaſurable charms,
And ſacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of man;
Till under one unblemiſh'd plan,
His reaſon, fancy, and his heart unite.

EPISTLE TO CURIO*.

HRICE has the Spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth Winter riſes on thy ſhame,
e I exulting graſp'd the votive ſhell,
ounds of triumph all thy praiſe to tell;
could my ſkill through ages make thee ſhine,
proud to mix my memory with thine.
now the cauſe that wak'd my ſong before,
h praiſe, with triumph, crowns the toil no more,
) the glorious man, whoſe faithful cares,
quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
aw'd ambition's wild audacious hate,
dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate;

If

Curio was a young Roman Senator of diſtinguiſhed
and parts, who, upon his firſt entrance into the
m, had been committed to the care of Cicero.
g profuſe and extravagant, he ſoon diſſipated a large
ſplendid fortune; to ſupply the want of which, he
driven to the neceſſity of abetting the deſigns of
ar againſt the liberties of his country, although he
before been a profeſſed enemy to him.——Cicero
ed himſelf with great energy to prevent his ruin,
without effect, and he became one of the firſt vic
in the civil war. This epiſtle was firſt publiſhed
ie year 1744, when a celebrated patriot, after a
and at laſt a ſucceſsful oppoſition to an unpopular
ſter, had deſerted the cauſe of his country, and
me the foremoſt in ſupport and defence of the ſame
ures he had ſo ſteadily and for ſuch a length of
contended againſt. It was altered by the Author
the "Ode to Curio;" but the original poem is
urious to be omitted. N.

If every tongue its large applauſes ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels every Muſe beſtow'd;
If public juſtice urg'd the high reward,
And Freedom ſmil'd on the devoted Bard:
Say then, to him whoſe levity or luſt
Laid all a people's generous hopes in duſt;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And ſav'd Corruption at her hopeleſs hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muſe a wreath of ſhame beſtow?
And public juſtice ſanctify the award?
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?
Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering ſpark with anxious eyes
And wiſh'd and hop'd the light again would riſe.
But ſince thy guilt ſtill more intire appears,
Since no art hides, no ſuppoſition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too ſinks her blaſt,
And the firſt rage of party-hate is paſt;
Calm as the Judge of Truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my truſt from all reproach be free,
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.
There are who ſay they view'd without amaze
Thy ſad reverſe of all thy former praiſe;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierc'd the foulneſs of thy ſecret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.

But I, whoſe ſoul conſented to thy cauſe,
Who felt thy genius ſtamp its own applauſe,
Who ſaw the ſpirits of each glorious age
Move in thy boſom, and direct thy rage;
I ſcorn'd the ungenerous gloſs of ſlaviſh minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's luſtre blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of Vice,
And all who prove that each man has his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy end was juſt and free;
And yet, even yet believe it—ſpite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dar'd diſclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of ſhame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm and liberty decay'd;
Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the ſhow;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boaſted in thy country's awful ear,
Her groſs deluſion when ſhe held thee dear;
How tame ſhe follow'd thy tempeſtuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and truſted all—
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old
For laws ſubverted, and for cities ſold!
Paint all the nobleſt trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you ſpilt;
Yet muſt you one untempted vileneſs own,
One dreadful palm reſerv'd for him alone:
With ſtudied arts his country's praiſe to ſpurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.

Each crouded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.
Lo! the deciding hour at laſt appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, Genius! Guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame!
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they rowl,
And guide each movement ſteady to the goal.
Ye ſpirits, by whoſe providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the beſt in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his paſſions bind!
Ye ſhades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field, or on the ſcaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne!
The ſword ſubmitted, and the laws her own:
See! public Power chaſtis'd beneath her ſtands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
See private life by wiſeſt arts reclaim'd!
See ardent youth to nobleſt manners fram'd!
See us acquire whate'er was ſought by you,
If Curio, only Curio will be true.
'Twas then—O Shame! O Truſt how ill repaid!
O Latium, oft by faithleſs ſons betray'd!—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reaſon ſtole?
What ſpells unſinew'd thy determin'd ſoul?
—Is this the man in Freedom's cauſe approv'd?
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo beloved?

This patient ſlave by tinſel chains allur'd?
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd?
This Curio, hated and deſpis'd by all?
Who fell himſelf, to work his country's fall?
O loſt, alike to action and repoſe!
Unknown, unpitied in the worſt of woes!
With all that conſcious, undiſſembled pride,
Sold to the inſults of a foe defy'd!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doom'd to exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame!
The ſole ſad refuge of thy baffled art,
To act a ſtateſman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praiſe no longer in thy power,
Diſplay thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And ſhut thy eyes that others may be blind.
—Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to ſmile
When ſhameleſs mouths your majeſty defile,
Paint you a thoughtleſs, frantic, headlong crew,
And caſt their own impieties on you.
For witneſs, Freedom, to whoſe ſacred power
My ſoul was vow'd from reaſon's earlieſt hour,
How have I ſtood exulting, to ſurvey
My country's virtues opening in thy ray!
How, with the ſons of every foreign ſhore
The more I match'd them, honour'd her's the more!
O race erect! whoſe native ſtrength of ſoul,
Which kings, nor prieſts, nor ſordid laws control,
Burſts the tame round of animal affairs,
And ſeeks a nobler centre for its cares;

Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end.
Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conſcious reaſon judging every ſtate,
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's diſguiſe:
Thence prompt alike with witty ſcorn to view
Faſtidious grandeur lift his ſolemn brow,
Or, all awake at Pity's ſoft command,
Bend the mild ear, and ſtretch the gracious hand:
Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,
When public toils to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Nor more indulgent the delighted ſire;
Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Where'er Oppreſſion works her wanton ſway,
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
But if, to purchaſe Curio's ſage applauſe,
My country muſt with him renounce her cauſe,
Quit with a ſlave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiſs the regal rod;
Then ſtill, ye powers, inſtruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal, nor let his ſubject fail:
Elſe, ere he change the ſtyle, bear me away
To where the Gracchi *, where the Bruti ſtay!
O long

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus loſt their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give ſtability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence. AKENSIDE.

O long rever'd, and late reſign'd to ſhame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
When the loud cares of buſineſs are withdrawn,
Nor well-dreſt beggars round thy footſteps fawn;
In that ſtill, thoughtful, ſolitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unreſiſted power,
Breaks the falſe optics ting'd with Fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breaſt, and lays the paſſions bare:
Then turn thy eyes on that important ſcene,
And aſk thyſelf—if all be well within.
Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of ſoul,
Which labour could not ſtop, nor fear control?
Where the known dignity, the ſtamp of awe,
Which, half abaſh'd, the proud and venal ſaw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honeſt cauſe?
Where the delightful taſte of juſt applauſe?
Where the ſtrong reaſon, the commanding tongue,
On which the ſenate fir'd or trembling hung?
All vaniſh'd, all are ſold—And in their room,
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep, diſtracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous grandeur dwell,
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted ſhrine thy honour bled;
With blaſted weeds thy awful brow ſhe crown'd,
Thy powerful tongue with poiſon'd philters bound,
That baffled reaſon ſtraight indignant flew,
And fair perſuaſion from her ſeat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth ſupports thy cauſe;
No longer Glory prompts thee to applauſe;

No longer Virtue breathing in thy breaſt,
With all her conſcious majeſty confeſt,
Still bright and brighter wakes the Almighty flame,
To rouze the feeble, and the wilful tame,
And where ſhe ſees the catching glimpſes rowl,
Spreads the ſtrong blaze, and all involves the ſoul;
But cold reſtraints thy conſcious fancy chill,
And formal paſſions mock thy ſtruggling will;
Or, if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler ſtrain,
Soon the ſad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot through thy breaſt, and ſtab the generous birth,
Till, blind with ſmart, from Truth to Frenzy toſt,
And all the tenor of thy reaſon loſt,
Perhaps thy anguiſh drains a real tear;
While ſome with pity, ſome with laughter hear.
—Can Art, alas! or Genius, guide the head,
Where Truth and Freedom from the heart are fled?
Can leſſer wheels repeat their native ſtroke,
When the prime function of the ſoul is broke?
But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou haſt a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes reſign;
For ſee the hand of Deſtiny diſplay'd
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd!
See the dire fane of Infamy ariſe!
Dark as the grave, and ſpacious as the ſkies;
Where, from the firſt of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjuſt remain.

Eager

Eternal barriers guard the pathleſs road
To warn the wanderer of the curſt abode;
But prone as whirlwinds ſcour the paſſive ſky,
The heights ſurmounted, down the ſteep they fly.
There, black with frowns, relentleſs Time awaits,
And goads their footſteps to the guilty gates:
And ſtill he aſks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their ſecrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying Bards beſtow'd,
Break their proud marbles, cruſh their feſtal cars,
And rend the lawleſs trophies of their wars.
At laſt the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
Where, ever arm'd with adamantine chains,
The watchful dæmon o'er her vaſſals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant-powers of luſt,
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt *.
No gleam of hope their baleful manſion cheers,
No ſound of honour hails their unbleſt ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childleſs ſire and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From towns inſlav'd and continents laid waſte;
But long Poſterity's united groan,
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,

* Titles which have been generally aſcribed to the moſt pernicious of men. AKENSIDE.

For ever through the trembling ſpace reſound,
And ſink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of Liberty and Reſt,
Give way, do homage to a mightier gueſt!
Ye daring ſpirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudeſt claims efface!
—Aw'd at the name, fierce * Appius riſing bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
" He comes, they cry, to whom the fates aſſign'd
" With ſurer arts to work what we deſign'd,
" From year to year the ſtubborn herd to ſway,
" Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
" Till, own'd their guide and truſted with their power,
" He mock'd their hopes in one deciſive hour:
" Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,
" And quench the ſpirit we provok'd in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whoſe eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire ſtands;
Whoſe thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's ſoul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay;
Relume her ſacred fire ſo near ſuppreſt,
And fix her ſhrine in every Roman breaſt.
Though bold Corruption boaſt around the land,
" Let Virtue, if ſhe can, my baits withſtand!"

Though

* Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to eſtabliſh a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both periſhed by the treaſon. ARKENSIDE

Though bolder now ſhe urge the accurſed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's ſhame;
Yet ſome there are who ſcorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conſcience and a heart are worth.
—O friend and father of the human mind,
Whoſe art for nobleſt ends our frame deſign'd!
If I, though fated to the ſtudious ſhade
Which party-ſtrife nor anxious power invade,
If I aſpire in public virtue's cauſe,
To guide the Muſes by ſublimer laws,
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verſe might rouſe her ſmother'd flame,
And ſnatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conſcious mind;
Or daſh Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her ſlaves that Vice was born to fear.

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

TOO much my heart of Beauty's power hath known,
Too long to Love hath Reaſon left her throne;
Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth conſum'd in vain.
My wiſhes, lull'd with ſoft inglorious dreams,
Forgot the patriot's and the ſage's themes:
Through each Elyſian vale and Fairy grove,
Through all the enchanted paradiſe of Love.

Miſled

Miſled by fickly hope's deceitful flame,
Averſe to action, and renouncing fame.
At laſt the viſionary ſcenes decay,
My eyes, exulting, bleſs the new-born day,
Whoſe faithful beams detect the dangerous road
In which my heedleſs feet ſecurely trod,
And ſtrip the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my ſoul from Wiſdom's peaceful arms.
For ſilver ſtreams and banks beſpread with flowers,
For moſſy couches and harmonious bowers,
Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathleſs woods,
And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods:
For openneſs of heart, for tender ſmiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath diſarming wiles,
Lo! ſullen Spite, and perjur'd Luſt of Gain,
And cruel Pride, and crueler Diſdain.
Lo! cordial Faith to ideot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now tranſporting kind.
For graceful Eaſe, lo! Affectation walks;
And dull Half-ſenſe, for Wit and Wiſdom talks.
New to each hour what low delight ſucceeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence, but by getting, known;
And all their courage in deceiving ſhown.
See next what plagues attend the lover's ſtate,
What frightful forms of terror, ſcorn, and hate!
See burning Fury heaven and earth defy!
See dumb Deſpair in icy fetters lie!
See black Suſpicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himſelf to view!

And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sinks in thoſe arms that points his head with ſhame!
There wan Dejection, faultering as he goes,
In ſhades and ſilence vainly ſeeks repoſe;
Muſing through pathleſs wilds, conſumes the day,
Then loſt in darkneſs weeps the hours away.
Here the gay crowd of Luxury advance,
Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
On every head the roſy garland glows,
In every hand the golden goblet flows.
The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at baſhful Virtue as ſhe flies.
But ſee behind, where Scorn and Want appear,
The grave remonſtrance and the witty ſneer.
See fell Remorſe in action, prompt to dart
Her ſnaky poiſon through the conſcious heart.
And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious ſhame,
The fair memorial of recording Fame.

Are theſe delights that one would wiſh to gain?
Is this the Elyſium of a ſober brain;
To wait for happineſs in female ſmiles,
Bear all her ſcorn, be caught with all her wiles,
With prayers, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,
Bleſs her hard bonds, and boaſt to be her ſlave;
To feel, for trifles, a diſtracting train
Of hopes and terrors equally in vain;
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,
Can pride, can ſenſe, can reaſon, ſtoop ſo low?
When Virtue, at an eaſier price, diſplays
The ſacred wreaths of honourable praiſe;

When Wiſdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous Folly, and be free.
I bid adieu, then, to theſe woeful ſcenes;
I bid adieu to all the ſex of queens;
Adieu to every ſuffering, ſimple ſoul
That lets a woman's will his eaſe control.
There laugh, ye witty; and rebuke, ye grave!
For me, I ſcorn to boaſt that I'm a ſlave.
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone.
Joy to my heart! my wiſhes are my own!
Farewel the female heaven, the female hell;
To the great God of Love a glad farewel.
Is this the triumph of thy awful name?
Are theſe the ſplendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,
When firſt my boſom own'd thy haughty ſway?
When thus Minerva heard thee, boaſting, ſay,
"Go, martial maid, elſewhere thy arts employ,
"Nor hope to ſhelter that devoted boy.
"Go teach the ſolemn ſons of care and age,
"The penſive ſtateſmen, and the midnight ſage;
"The young with me muſt other leſſons prove,
"Youth calls for Pleaſure, Pleaſure calls for Love.
"Behold his heart thy grave advice diſdains,
"Behold I bind him in eternal chains."
Alas! great Love, how idle was the boaſt!
Thy chains are broken, and thy leſſons loſt.
Thy wilful rage has tir'd my ſuffering heart,
And paſſion, reaſon, forc'd thee to depart.
But wherefore doſt thou linger on thy way?
Why vainly ſearch for ſome pretence to ſtay,

When crowds of vaſſals court thy pleaſing yoke,
And countleſs victims bow them to the ſtroke?
Lo! round thy ſhrine a thouſand youths advance,
Warm with the gentle ardors of romance;
Each longs to aſſert thy cauſe with feats of arms,
And make the world confeſs Dulcinea's charms.
Ten thouſand girls, with flowery chaplets crown'd,
To groves and ſtreams thy tender triumph ſound;
Each bids the ſtream in murmurs ſpeak her flame,
Each calls the grove to ſigh her ſhepherd's name.
But, if thy pride ſuch eaſy honour ſcorn,
If nobler trophies muſt thy toil adorn,
Behold yon flowery antiquated maid
Bright in the bloom of threeſcore years diſplay'd;
Her ſhalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
Her froſty cheek with crimſon bluſhes dye,
With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.
Turn then thy labours to the ſervile crowd,
Entice the wary, and control the proud;
Make the ſad miſer his beſt gains forego,
The ſolemn ſtateſman ſigh to be a beau.
The bold coquette with fondeſt paſſion burn,
The bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn:
And that chief glory of thy power maintain,
"To poiſe ambition in a female brain."
Be theſe thy triumphs. But no more preſume
That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.
I know thy puny force, thy ſimple wiles;
I break triumphant through thy flimſy toils.

I ſee

I ſee thy dying lamp's laſt languid glow,
Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow.
I feel diviner fires my breaſt inflame,
To active ſcience, and ingenuous fame:
Reſume the paths my earlieſt choice began,
And loſe, with pride, the lover in the man.

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

M DCC XXXVIII.

WHENCE this unwonted tranſport in my breaſt?
Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the Muſe
Aſpire with rapid wing? Her country's cauſe
Demands her efforts; at that ſacred call
She ſummons all her ardor, throws aſide
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each Britiſh ear;
And if one ſpark of honour or of fame,
Diſdain of inſult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue yet ſurvive,
She means to wake it, rouſe the generous flame,
With patriot zeal inſpirit every breaſt,
And fire each Britiſh heart with Britiſh wrongs.
Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now

Can the Muſe boaſt? or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The Britiſh ſpirit, generous, warm, and brave,
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the ſuppliant nations? Where, indeed!
If that protection, once to ſtrangers given,
Be now with-held from ſons? Each nobler thought,
That warm'd our ſires, is loſt and buried now
In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try,
I'll aim to ſhake this vile degenerate ſloth;
I'll dare to rouze Britannia's dreaming ſons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A generous feeling of compatriot woes.
Come then the various powers of forceful ſpeech!
All that can move, awaken, fire, tranſport;
Come the bold ardor of the Theban bard!
The arouzing thunder of the patriot Greek!
The ſoft perſwaſion of the Roman ſage!
Come all! and raiſe me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cauſe!
Leſt my beſt efforts failing ſhould debaſe
The ſacred theme; for with no common wing
The Muſe attempts to ſoar. Yet what need theſe?
My country's fame, my free-born Britiſh heart,
Shall be my beſt inſpirers, raiſe my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my ſoul.
Oh! could I give the vaſt ideas birth
Expreſſive of the thoughts that flame within,

No more ſhould lazy luxury detain
Our ardent youth; no more ſhould Britain's ſons
Sit tamely paſſive by, and careleſs hear
The prayers, ſighs, groans (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons, with oppreſſion ſunk,
In bitterneſs of ſoul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of Liberty; ſo greatly fam'd
For juſt redreſs; the land ſo often dyed
With her beſt blood, for that a rouzing cauſe,
The freedom of her ſons; thoſe ſons that now,
Far from the manly bleſſings of her ſway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spaniſh lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquiſh'd ſons of Spain,
Enſlave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So ſoon forgot, the great, the immortal day,
When reſcued Sicily with joy beheld
The ſwift-wing'd thunder of the Britiſh arm
Diſperſe their navies? when their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From ſwift impending vengeance fled in vain:
Are theſe our lords? And can Britannia ſee
Her foes oft vanquiſh'd, thus defy her power,
Inſult her ſtandard, and inſlave her ſons,
And not ariſe to juſtice? Did our ſires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preſerve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Britons ever ſacred! that their ſons
Might give them up to Spaniards? — Turn your eyes,
Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boaſt

Call

Call yourſelves Britons, to that diſmal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; ſee the gates
Harſh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while ſtill as death
A frightful ſilence reigns: There on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beaſts of prey:
There mark your numerous glories, there behold
The look that ſpeaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine ſunk, the deep heart-burſting groan
Suppreſs'd in ſilence; view the loathſome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh! the ſtinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly prieſt triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worſe damnation on their ſouls:
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to ſpeak, yet eloquent of all
His native Britiſh ſpirit yet untam'd,
Raiſes his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and ſuperior ſcorn,
Looks up and dies.—Oh! I am all on fire!
But let me ſpare the theme, leſt future times
Should bluſh to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durſt offer Britain ſuch outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bore it—
Deſcend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain, deſcend! Behold your ſons,
See! how they run the ſame heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cauſe,

How greatly proud to aſſert their Britiſh blood,
And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
Ah! would to heaven! ye did not rather ſee
How dead to virtue in the public cauſe!
How cold, how careleſs, how to glory deaf,
They ſhame your laurels, and belye their birth!
Come, ye great ſpirits, Ca'ndiſh, Rawleigh, Blake!
And ye of later name your country's pride,
Oh! come, diſperſe theſe lazy fumes of ſloth,
Teach Britiſh hearts with Britiſh fires to glow!
In wakening whiſpers rouze our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious ſcenes of rightful war,
In all its ſplendors; to their ſwelling ſouls
Say how ye bow'd the inſulting Spaniards pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their proſtrate heads,
Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
Say how not death, in all its frightful ſhapes,
Could damp your ſouls, or ſhake the great reſolve
For Right and Britain: Then diſplay the joys
The patriot's ſoul exalting, while he views
Tranſported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil, ſacred rights.
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death for others good! the radiant thoughts
That beam celeſtial on his paſſing ſoul,
The unfading crowns awaiting him above,
The exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected ſplendor; then deſcend,

Thou

Though to a lower, yet a nobler ſcene;
Paint the juſt honours to his reliques paid,
Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
While his fair fame in each progreſſive age
For ever brightens; and the wiſe and good
Of every land in univerſal choir
With richeſt incenſe of undying praiſe
His urn encircle, to the wondering world
His numerous triumphs blazon; while with awe,
With filial reverence, in his ſteps they tread,
And, copying every virtue, every fame,
Tranſplant his glories into ſecond life,
And, with unſparing hand, make nations bleſt
By his example. Vaſt immenſe rewards!
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no.
I ſee ye are not; every boſom glows
With native greatneſs, and in all its ſtate
The Britiſh ſpirit riſes: Glorious change!
Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh! forgive
The Muſe, that ardent in her ſacred cauſe
Your glory queſtion'd: She beholds with joy;
She owns, ſhe triumphs in her wiſh'd miſtake.
See! from her ſea-beat throne in awful march
Britannia towers: upon her laurel creſt
The plumes majeſtic nod; behold ſhe heaves
Her guardian ſhields, and terrible in arms
For battle ſhakes her adamantine ſpear:

Loud at her foot the Britiſh lion roars,
Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full ſoon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons, forth,
Your country's daring champions: tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their proſtrate land
You were not born for ſlaves: Let all your deeds
Shew that the ſons of thoſe immortal men,
The ſtars of ſhining ſtory, are not ſlow
In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
To aſſert their country's rights, avenge her ſons,
And hurl the bolts of juſtice on her foes.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

" O Vitæ Philoſophia Dux! O Virtutis indagatrix,
" expultrixque Vitiorum. — Tu Urbes peperiſti;
" tu inventrix Legum, tu magiſtra Morum &
" Diſciplinæ fuiſti: Ad te confugimus, a te Opem
" petimus." CIC. Tuſc. Quæſt.

I.

SCIENCE! thou fair effuſive ray
From the great ſource of mental day,
Free, generous, and refin'd!
Deſcend with all thy treaſures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bleſs my labouring mind.

II.

But firſt with thy reſiſtleſs light,
Diſperſe thoſe phantoms from my ſight,
Thoſe mimic ſhades of thee:
The ſcholiaſt's learning, ſophiſt's cant,
The viſionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philoſophy.

III.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy ſway;
Which no weak paſſions e'er miſlead,
Which ſtill with dauntleſs ſteps proceed
Where reaſon points the way.

IV.

Give me to learn each ſecret cauſe;
Let Number's, Figure's, Motion's laws
Reveal'd before me ſtand;
Theſe to great Nature's ſcenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the ſky,
Diſcloſe her working hand.

V.

Next, to thy nobler ſearch reſign'd,
The buſy, reſtleſs, human mind
Through every maze purſue;
Detect Perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they riſe,
And all their changes view.

VI.

Say from what ſimple ſprings began
The vaſt, ambitious thoughts of man,
Which range beyond control;
Which ſeek Eternity to trace,
Dive through the infinity of ſpace,
And ſtrain to graſp the whole.

VII.

Her ſecret ſtores let Memory tell,
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell,
In all her colours dreſt;
While, prompt her ſallies to control,
Reaſon, the judge, recalls the ſoul
To Truth's ſevereſt teſt.

VIII.

Then launch through Being's wide extent;
Let the fair ſcale, with juſt aſcent,
And cautious ſteps, be trod;
And from the dead, corporeal maſs,
Through each progreſſive order paſs
To Inſtinct, Reaſon, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
Nor dive too deep, nor ſoar too high,
In that divine abyſs;
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes to aſſure, her ſteps befriend,
And light her way to bliſs.

X. Then

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And ſocial nature's ties:
The plan, the genius of each ſtate,
Its intereſt and its powers relate,
Its fortunes and its riſe.

XI.

Through private life purſue thy courſe,
Trace every action to its ſource,
And means and motives weigh:
Put tempers, paſſions, in the ſcale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful ſway.

XII.

That laſt, beſt effort of thy ſkill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious power! impart:
Teach me to cool my paſſions fires,
Make me the judge of my deſires,
The maſter of my heart.

XIII.

Raiſe me above the vulgar's breath,
Purſuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean.
Still true to reaſon be my plan,
Still let my actions ſpeak the man,
Through every various ſcene.

XIV.

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth;
Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth;
Sweet refuge of diſtreſs:
In buſineſs, thou! exact, polite;
Thou giv'ſt Retirement its delight,
Proſperity its grace.

XV.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou! the cauſe;
Foundreſs of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventreſs, thou!
Without thee, what were human-kind?
How vaſt their wants, their thoughts how blind!
Their joys how mean! how few!

XVI.

Sun of the ſoul! thy beams unveil!
Let others ſpread the daring ſail,
On fortune's faithleſs ſea:
While, undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And ſit in peace with Thee.

ODE

O D E

For the WINTER SOLSTICE,

DEC. 11, 1740*.

I.

NOW to the utmoſt ſouthern goal
The Sun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bleſs the North with earlier day.
Prone on Potoſi's lofty brow,
Floods of ſublimer ſplendor flow,
Ripening the latent ſeeds of gold,
Whilſt, panting in the lonely ſhade,
The afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

But lo! on this deſerted coaſt,
How faint the light! how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and froſt,
Fierce winter deſolates the year.
The fields reſign their cheerful bloom;
No more the breezes breathe perfume;

No

* This ode was afterwards entirely altered; as may be ſeen in this volume, p. 191.---The reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee it as it was originally written. N.

No more the warbling waters roll:
Deſarts of ſnow fatigue the eye;
Succeſſive tempeſts bloat the ſky,
And gloomy damps oppreſs the ſoul.

III.

But let my drooping genius riſe,
And hail the ſun's remoteſt ray:
Now, now he climbs the northern ſkies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then, louder howl the ſtormy waſte,
Be ſand and ocean worſe deface'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
And fancy, through the wintery gloom,
Radiant with dews and flowers in bloom,
Already hails the emerging Spring.

IV.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows but urge thy ſpeed,
How ſoon, before the vernal ray,
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each tempeſt hovering fly,
That now, fermenting, loads the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
And, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

V.

But let not man's imperfect views,
Preſume to tax wiſe Nature's laws:
'Tis his with ſilent joy to uſe
The indulgence of the ſovereign cauſe;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good conſummate ſprings,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the Providence of heaven
Has ſome peculiar bleſſing given
To each allotted ſtate below.

VI.

Ev'n now how ſweet the wintery night
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead:
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem the awful courſe to tread;
Where chiefs and legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye,
With every laurel freſh diſplay'd:
While, charm'd, I rove in claſſic ſong,
Or bend to Freedom's fearleſs tongue,
Or walk the academic ſhade.

* * *

ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ODE I. Preface, - - - Page
II. On the Winter Solſtice, - -
III. To a Friend, unſucceſsful in Love,
IV. Affected Indifference. To the ſame,
V. Againſt Suſpicion, - -
VI. Hymn to Cheerfulneſs, - -
VII. On the Uſe of Poetry, - -
VIII. On leaving Holland, - -
IX. To Curio, - - - -
X. To the Muſe, - - -
XI. On Love, to a Friend, - -
XII. To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet,
XIII. On Lyric Poetry, - - -
XIV. To the Honourable Charles Townſhend, from the Country, - -
XV. To the Evening Star, - -
XVI. To Caleb Hardinge, M. D. -
XVII. On a Sermon againſt Glory, -
XVIII. To the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Huntingdon, - -

BOOK THE SECOND.

ODE I. The Remonſtrance of Shakeſpeare, ſuppoſed to have been ſpoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subſcription, - - - Page 249
II. To Sleep, - - - - 253
III. To the Cuckow, - - - 255
IV. To the Honourable Charles Townſhend, in the Country, - - - 257
V. On Love of Praiſe, - - 264
VI. To William Hall, Eſquire, with the Works of Chaulieu, - - 265
VII. To the Right Reverend Benjamin Lord Biſhop of Winchester, - 267
VIII. - - - - 271
IX. At Study, - - - 272
X. To Thomas Edwards, Eſquire, on the late Edition of Mr. Pope's Works, 274
XI. To the Country Gentlemen of England, 277
XII. On recovering from a Fit of Sickneſs, in the Country, - - - 284
XIII. To the Author of Memoirs of the Houſe ſo Brandenburgh, - - 287
XIV. The Complaint, - - 289
XV. On Domeſtic Manners [unfiniſhed] 290
Notes on the Two Books of Odes, - - 293